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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Two Tresses.

BY MRS. C. H. W. E[illegible].

One—is a little shining heap
Of sunny tinted Hair,
As bright, as tho' a summer ray
Of sunshine linger'd there.

The other is a massy tress,
A rich, a dark brown fold,
A minglement of light, and shade,
With that fair lock of gold.

Thick tears come crowding to my eyes,
While still I fondly gaze
On these mementoes of the past,
These loves of earlier days.

A very little while ago
This ring of golden hair,
Sported, a shining, living thing,
With every breath of air.

I've twined it many a thousand times
Its sister curls amid,
Where nestling close like loving doves,
Each one, the other hid.

This massy fold of darker dye,
I've linger'd o'er with care,
For a few threads of paler cast
Have streak'd that dark brown hair.

I've cherish'd it with miser heart,
And watch'd it day by day,
And prayed, that time might fail to steal
One darken'd thread away.

They're very different—but they both
Are precious to my heart,
A solace, and a happiness,
They both at times impart.

One—calls a little creature back
Unto our hearts again,
That's gone to swell the songs of praise
Among God's holy train.

The other—brings a parted friend,
Loved long, and cherish'd dear,
Linking that precious wanderer's heart,
With many a heart pulse here.

I love them both—that heaven call'd child
With locks of shining gold,
And the dear one, above whose brow,
Floated the dark brown fold.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Fiend's Night.

A Tradition of the Atlantic.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

"Upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown."
CHILDE HAROLD.

MAR.—All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!
GON.—Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.
TEMPEST.

"I have come to persuade you to return with us, Alie," said a fair young creature, whose silvery voice, made doubly musical by sympathy, rung sweetly through the fisherman's hut. And drawing a stool, she sat down by the mourner's side.

Helen Trevor was the only daughter of a widowed gentleman, who, at the period of our sketch, resided in his elegant mansion, a short ride from the little port of Vincent-town. The harbor stood at the head of a bay, or more precisely sound, which constituted a part of the sea about ten miles wide and some thirty in length, cut off from the ocean by those low island beaches, which, like links in an extended chain, stretch along our Atlantic shore from Cape Cod to the Bahamas.

If ever there was a beautiful being it was Helen Trevor. She was now eighteen, and as lovely as a cloudless summer night. Her form was just rounding into womanhood. Her features were classically regular, with dark lustrous eyes, and a brow around which, like a Grecian virgin's, was braided her glossy raven hair. Her neck and bust were full and exquisite. They might have been chiseled in ivory. But above all, even above the rich pouting lip, was the smile that lightened up and etherealized her countenance whenever she spoke. Apelles dreamed of such a one when longing for the smile of the seventh maiden. And now as she looked up into the old woman's haggard countenance, her whole face beaming with compassion, you might have thought her a spirit from heaven, sent to illumine for a brief period, this dark and sinful world.

The being by her side was the wife of a fisherman, well known on the coast as "old Tom Barney." He lived on a bare, island beach, following his hardy livelihood, and exposed to the unbroken fury of the storms which so often and so fiercely beat in from the Atlantic. There were strange whispers afloat of his reasons for deserting human-kind. Men said that many a stout bark came on his beach when the wind scarcely blew it there; and that on the cold, snowy nights of winter, when the keen blasts were roaring around, old Barney mounted on a shrivelled horse, and bearing a lantern in his hand, would ride shouting up and down the beach. Few, however, knew this except from report. The tale, nevertheless, grew darker. Some hinted of unearthly lights, strange noises, and an agency with the evil one; while others only said that the false lights seen along that stormy coast came from Barney's beach.

But what did Helen Trevor at such a place? In early life, while sailing with a nurse in the bay, their boat had been capsized, and, but for the timely interference of old Barney, they would have been lost. Her father's gratitude for this service knew no bounds. But nothing could seduce the old man from his desolate home. He sold his fish to the squire, and returned doubly paid; and singular as it may seem, a kind of attachment sprung up in the hearts of him and his wife towards the little girl. Perhaps it was because they had nothing else to love. Once or twice, with her father, she had visited the beach.

But time passed on. Helen Trevor had grown into womanhood and beauty. She now rarely saw old Alie, as the fisherman's wife was called. Happy in the gush of young affection, and beloved by all, her life had passed away like a dream of infancy. It began, too, to be whispered that a young man who had distinguished himself in our infant navy was about to wed her. The poor families who lived on her bounty, and dreaded her removal, wept at the rumor.

One day, a hardy, well-known pilot of that section of the coast, who went by the name of Eph Haines, was announced as wishing to speak to her about Tom Barney. She descended to the hall, wondering what could be his errand. He bowed clumsily, and told his tale. Tom Barney had been driven to sea in the late gale, and no one since had heard of him.

"And how is Alie?" asked Helen, anxiously.

"That's what I was wishing to speak of, Miss," said Eph, twisting his hat, and looking down, "she takes it mortal hard;—the old man's sartainly lost, and she looks a like as if her heart would break. It's queer how them two did live there so long."

"Poor thing!" sighed Helen.

The sailor wiped his eyes with the sleeves of his jacket and paused irresolutely. At last, looking boldly up, he added, "We are afeard she'll do something wrong or a like make way with herself; there's no one there but old Katrine—the hound, and—and—may be, if you, Miss Helen, could just go there you might convince her to come over to the main. A visit from sich great folk would do what none o' us can do. I hope you don't think [illegible] too bold."

"No, indeed, my good man," said Helen, smiling through her sadness, "and to prove it I will go with you." It was but a few miles off to the beach, and she might be back by sundown. Besides had not her life been saved by the missing man, and should she now desert his widow in her extremity! Her parent was absent, but she did not doubt that [illegible] would approve of her determination. So taking her only and little brother for company, she departed on her mission. Eph landed her on the low, sandy shore, and promising to call for her by evening, [illegible] loose and danced gallantly away. [illegible] living being to welcome her.—

Slowly she raised the latch and entered the low door. In one corner, her face buried in her hands, sat the mourner, the picture of stern and aged desolation. She did not seem to hear the intruder.

"Alie! Alie!" said Ellen again, kindly.

It was a moment before the mourner moved.—But the kindness of the young being at her side finally overpowered her. After a vain struggle she yielded to her feelings, the big tears rushed into her eyes, and her old hands trembled as she clasped the delicate one laid soothingly on her own. It was a touching sight. The flood gates of her smothered grief were broken down, and it was fearful to see her weep. Poor, poor old mourner!—Mingling her tears with the widow's as they came rolling through the attenuated fingers, Helen, like a ministering spirit, strove to comfort that desolate old heart. Imperceptibly she drew her away from her sorrows, and at last won her consent to leave the beach in the evening. Such kindness the old, but not insensible being could not withstand, and with a feeling that she had found a friend, a feeling which, poor thing! had not warmed her withered heart for years, she murmured her thanks and stole into the upper room, at Helen's entreaty, to seek a little rest. As the sun had already for some hours passed the zenith, the maiden, taking her little brother's hand, strolled out upon the beach to look for the expected sail.

They wandered unconsciously to the extreme end of the island-beach. The fresh salt breeze fanning her cheek, and the gay boy skipping before her, frightening the wild sea fowl from the edge of the surf, and holding up his shells for her to admire, gradually drove away Helen's mournful thoughts. The gay, happy smile once more lightened up her features, and her merry voice rung out over the waves. She paused at length beside the inlet connecting the ocean with the bay. Far away to the left was the low line of the main land, with here and there a hill rising boldly up against the sky. At the extreme head of the bay, scarcely seen on the flat, distant coast to the north, was the little port of Vincent-town; while an uninhabited beach, on the opposite side of the inlet which washed at Helen's feet, fronted the port towards the deep. To her right was the ocean thundering in upon the coast. She could not but observe that the sky was becoming unsettled. The wind, too, blew in fitful gusts, and had shifted more towards the sea. The sea gulls were sweeping inland before it with rapid flight, and breasting it slowly in their return. The bay behind her which interposed between the beach and the mainland, and which was usually spotted with fishing boats, now disclosed only a few flying sails, and one solitary cockle boat. More than a mile down the beach, on the narrowest part of the island, and within a few yards of the bay, stood the fisherman's hut. On the sea-side it was protected from the high spring tides by a bank, formed by the tide collecting among the elder bushes planted along the coast. This singular barrier was some twelve feet high. Not a tree was visible on the white, bare surface of the island.—The long salt marsh waved on the bay shore, and the short waves curled in mimic breakers along.—On that desolate spot, for thirty years, the missing fisherman had lived.

The sun, wading through the ominous clouds, was now within an hour of sunset, and yet the expected sail did not whiten the bay. Helen began to be uneasy. She wished anxiously for a sight of it, and twenty times she fancied her wishes gratified; but ere a moment had elapsed, she perceived that she had been deceived by the foam of the wave, or the wing of a stooping gull. At last, half despairing of the arrival of Eph, she wandered with her little brother back toward the house.

The sun was just setting when she reached the door. Meanwhile a rapid change had come over the sky. The dark clouds were gathering black and sullen on the edge of the horizon, and the wind momentarily swept wildly over the ocean, driving the spray in volumes before it, and curling the crests of the huge billows into a thousand fantastic forms. Now the breeze went singing sharply by, and now died away in mournful and sullen gusts. Along the coast, far as the eye could see, the waves were rolling in towards the breakers, sending up a voice of thunder as their shattered crests foamed and boiled in the vortex beneath. A few sea-gulls, revelling in the strife, dipped in the surf or shot screaming to the sky. Twilight and darkness rolled heavily on. The little boy, clutching his sister's hand, gazed with a half curious, half frightened look upon the scene; and Helen, although admiring its sublimity, felt an unaccountable foreboding stealing over her.

"It's a fine night it'll be, marm," suddenly exclaimed a harsh voice behind her, and hastily turning, the maiden beheld a wild figure attired in singular conformity with the scene. It was a rough, hardy, uncouth creature, drest in a coarse red petticoat and sailor's jacket, with her grizzled grey hair gathered negligently up beneath a sailor's hat. Long, long before Helen could remember, this singular old being had resided with the fisherman and his wife upon the beach. She went by the name of old Katrine. You might see her every day sullenly fishing in her little cockle-boat, and scarcely answering the fisherman's hearty hail. Selfish and iron-hearted, the only avenue to her heart was money, and Helen involuntarily slipped a piece into her hand, as she said,

"And do you think it will keep Ephraim from coming off, Katrine?"

"Come off, come off, what!—to-night!" said the old creature, with a shrill laugh of contempt, "why, marm, he would never make the beach alive with this wind. When it once comes it'll be harder than when old Barney went to the bottom."

"For Heaven's sake, don't say so," said Helen, shuddering at the thought of spending the night in such a place and in company too with so wild, and haggard a being. Katrine saw her alarm and answered,

"Don't be afeard, marm, for the beach is perfectly safe. But, after all, such a night as this'll be you never saw; nor did I but twice. Do you see those clouds there," continued she, raising her long skinny arm from the oar on which it rested, and pointing to a huge, mis-shapen mass of vapors, bearing no slight resemblance to a gigantic human form, sweeping rapidly and gloomily up the horizon, "never but twice have I seen that,—and both o' em was the fiend's night."

"*The fiend's night!*" exclaimed Helen, recollecting a superstition of the coast that once in every generation, a night was given to the evil one, to wreak his vengeance on the coast. She was not superstitious; but now on the wild beach, with the tempest gathering around her, and the old hag-like creature, with her earnest countenance, pointing to that ominous cloud, she trembled in despite of her better reason.

"The fiend's night, marm, I saw it once here."

"Was it a tempestuous one?" falteringly asked Helen.

"Yes!—oh! but it was an awful night. The wind shrieked, and the cold snow blew, but old Barney laughed at it all when he saw the ship come on. She struck just out there, marm," and seeming to have the scene vividly before her, she continued, "we could hear 'em praying and shrieking so awful for help as the gusts died away. I've heerd many go, but none like them. I could see 'em, as the wind whirled away the snow, hanging in the shrouds; they hung all night, but when mornin' came they were all gone. There was a sweet young lady, young as yourself, lying there on the snowy shore, and smiling with her little baby in her arms. They were both dead," and the feelings of the woman triumphing for a moment over her frozen nature, she paused. Helen shuddered in despite of her reason. Every nerve thrilled with strange horror, and she listened as if fascinated by a basilisk to the old hag's narration.

"There wasn't a soul saved. The old 'oman and I couldn't stand it, and we tried to light a fire; but the storm put it out. Besides, old Tom, (oh! that night he was awful!) swore he couldn't hear 'em. He was deaf, you know, sometimes," continued she, with a meaning look, "and so he stopped us. I always said he'd have to answer for that night's work—but he's gone to his account—he's gone to his account—I think, marm," continued she, lowering her voice and approaching nearer to Helen, "he'll may be, if all's true, visit these shores agin."

"Hush, hush, Katrine, what impious folly!"

"Well, well," and she paused awhile. But she soon continued in another strain, "Oh! marm, could you have seen the silks, and cottons, and chiny teas! Tom Barney, how next mornin' he laughed, and mornin' arter for a week as the fine things came on! Oh! it was a grand time—but it was a dreadful one too," and thus with mingled feelings of humanity and selfishness chasing each other through a heart, softened, in some degree by the lost fisherman's death, she turned away to the outhouse where she slept.

"Sister, sister, what a fearful woman," said the little boy, looking tremblingly up, "and oh! how dreadful was the poor lady and her little baby! I wish we were home," and the tears rose into his eyes.

"God help us! I too wish we were," said Helen to herself. But she made no audible reply.

Meanwhile the storm swept on. The scattered clouds gathered into dark masses and rolled bodingly up the horizon. The hoarse wind swept with threatening velocity over the sea, every moment deepening in power; while anon, the lightning gleamed, and the thick drops pattered down, and then a deeper darkness fell upon the scene, and the silence of the dead reigned around. Helen felt singularly, though apparently causelessly alarmed as she turned into the house.

All hope, even the most distant, of the coming of Eph had now been given up. Helen saw that she would have to remain until morning, and accordingly cheering her young companion as she best might, she sat about preparing for their night's repose.

Meanwhile the evening wore on. Hour after hour Helen sat in the lone tenement listening to the gale. Alie, worn out with grief and physical fatigue had forgotten her sorrows in sleep, and lay unconscious in the low chamber above. Helen's little brother had fallen asleep in her lap, his sunny countenance, half hidden in curls, turned aside and showing the smile of holy and innocent childhood reposing there. Oh! it was a beautiful sight, that lovely sister, bending over the innocent and dreaming boy, like an angel in heaven, watching the slumbers of an infant cherub.

But the night deepened. The storm without grew every moment fiercer. The rain beat wildly against the house, and the waves, like an earthquake, shook the coast. Helen almost feared for their habitation, but she comforted herself it had stood as fierce a tempest. Still, however, she could not but feel uneasy misgivings at so unusual a situation. The conversation with Katrine, too, hung upon her mind. The dark hints she had given of foul deeds acted around, gradually had their influence on the maiden's thoughts. She looked around the room. All within was hushed. A faint light threw a melancholy glare around. She felt her lonely, unprotected situation, and a thousand apprehensions crossed her bosom. A vague sensation of alarm stole over her, and as the wind now shrieked by, now died far away with its hollow mournful sound, it seemed to her excited imagination like the wailings of departed spirits over the lost fisherman. She breathed thick. Shadowy figures seemed to flit before her, and thus worn out with fatigue and anxiety, she slept.

How long she continued slumbering they never knew. At the first dawn of recollection she beheld the rude apartment and the dying candle as before, but her little brother with a terrified countenance, was clutching her arm and calling her.

"Helen—Helen—oh! dear Helen, do wake," and his voice trembled with terror.

"Well, James, I am; but what shall"—the words died upon her lips, as, becoming fully awake, she discerned the full horrors of their situation. The mingled wind and rain was still driving past the house with fearful clamor, but over it all, was heard the dull wash of the sea close at hand, as the heavy waves dashed and parted against the house. The dreadful truth flashed at once upon her mind. The sand banks had been broken down, and,—good God! —*they were inundated*. It was an awful moment. The pulse of Helen ceased, the thick breath gathered chokingly in her throat, and with clasped hands and parted lips she stood a moment speechless, as the full terror of their situation rose up before her. Alone, at midnight, on the mighty ocean, far from all help, surrounded by a raging and still increasing tempest, and protected from a dreadful death only by a tenement whose timbers shook at every surge,—what language can describe the agony of her situation! Rallying her faculties, however, she stepped to the windows to call Katrine. But the cold spray dashing into her face, compelled her to close the casement.

"Oh! heavenly father," said Helen lifting her eyes to heaven, "guide me, uphold me in this dreadful hour."

Suddenly the side door was burst open, and dripping with brine, old Katrine rushed in. Her dark countenance was unusually excited. She waved her arm toward the narrow staircase.

"Get up, marm, up, it's our only chance—the breakers are boiling over the bank, and the room will be full directly, up, up!" and again she waved her arm impatiently.

Helen paused not a moment. She clasped her brother and darted up the staircase.

"Up, up, marm, up!" shouted Katrine, rapidly following her. They gained the chamber just in time to escape the angry surge, which breaking through the entrance after Katrine, foamed and dashed in the room below.

A moment Helen stood mutely thanking Providence for their escape, and then turned to her companion.

"Oh, Katrine, what can we do," said she, "will the house stand till morning?"

"Stand! The fiend only knows—but if the tide keeps rising another hour, we are lost, whether it stands or no."

Helen silently buried her face in her hands and prayed in that dreadful hour. The beach on which they were, even in ordinary seasons, was level with the tides, but this year they had been unusually high. Before the sand banks along the shore had been constructed, tradition had said that often, in heavy gales from the ocean, when the long and tremendous billows which had run perhaps a thousand miles came rolling in, the beach had been overflowed. That frail defence was now gone, and as the waves broke out at sea, they had to contend with the ground swell as well as their first shock. Their frail habitation was thus racked with two opposing powers, while the storm seemed growing fiercer and fiercer. She felt her days were numbered, and the joy of their momentary escape faded away. No hope of aid could be entertained unless they lived till morning, and hours must pass ere then. All was horrid, lingering suspense. She saw, meanwhile, the troubled waters rise slowly higher. She thought of her father, thus by one blow, when absent, to be left childless. She thought, too, of another, whom she loved, of the little, shivering boy at her side, and all that made life dear. Oh! it was an awful thing that living death! And louder grew the storm,—the wild wind crashed by,—and the waves swept on, howling with their dull, deep roar, as if impatient for their prey. The old widow and Katrine stood listeners by. The little boy, like a frightened dove, was nestled close to his sister's side; while that sister could only press him closer to her bosom. She could not save him, but she could die with him. Die in that horrid manner; die, as it were, inch by inch. Who hears the cry, who pillows the form, who ever sings the requiem of "the ocean dead!"

A half an hour of lingering torture had thus passed, whose every moment seemed an age, when suddenly the little fellow started up, exclaiming—

"Hark! hark! sister, what was that!" and stood listening intensely. Helen knew the quick hearing of childhood, and following his example, she caught distinctly sweeping down from windward a loud, clear, 'halloo.' A thrill of joy shot through her veins.

"Thank God!" she gasped fervently, "oh! Katrine, there is help at last," and clasping her hands, she fell back, in the revulsion of feeling, almost senseless.

The old woman, however, did not seem to partake of her joy. She stepped cautiously to the window and peered out.

"Help!—there's none that I can see; and I doubt, marm, if they ain't deceiving us."

"What—who do you mean? speak!" rapidly and earnestly asked Helen.

"Mean," she commenced, "but oh! Jesu Maria!" she suddenly added in a quivering voice, and crossing herself rapidly, the first time for many years, she pointed tremblingly out of the window, and gasped "in the name of the saints, look there."

Helen sprang, astonished, to the window. The change which had come over the old woman was alarming. With pale, horror-struck face; her eyes quailing before some fearful object in the distance, and yet, by a fatal power, fixed immovably upon it, her whole form shaking with fear, stood old Katrine. Helen partly caught her dread, and following the direction of her quivering finger, saw that which made her pause in mingled alarm and hope. Far away before them the whole horizon was in a blaze with the vivid and incessant lightnings which streamed over the waste. The wind was still raging with unabated violence, and the high mountain waves seaward, driven before it with impetuous velocity, were racing one another like mettled coursers, until, meeting the shallower waters of the beach, they curled headlong over their foaming crests and sped on shivered into fragments. The whole island before them was a mass of foam, luminous in the red glare of the lightning. In the intervals, however, of the flashes, an awful and supernatural darkness fell upon the scene. The wind shrieked and whistled in a thousand unearthly tones, and the thunder rattled fearfully over all. But it was not these which had paralyzed Katrine. A more fearful spectacle had struck her dumb with horror. What could it be! Helen started as she beheld it; for there, in the very line of the island, within a short cable length inside the breakers, and seemingly near the spot where Helen had stood a few hours before, its long thin masts, like tracery, just seen above the driving spray, a dark schooner-built craft was lying to. This, at another time and place, would have been nothing unusual, but in such a tempest how could the schooner keep so dangerous a situation! At first she deemed it an illusion, and painfully closed her eyes; but on opening them again, there still hung the dark craft in the very foam of the breakers. "Can it be no mortal ship?" she asked herself involuntarily. She stood in trembling uncertainty. She was not superstitious, but the hour, the evidence, and above all the state of her feelings, staggered her incredulity, and with a thrilling awe she gazed speechlessly upon it.

"*It's the fiend's ship!*" gasped Katrine, catching Helen's arm, and speaking in a low whisper, "that's no mortal cry. Did I not say poor old Tom would haunt these shores, marm?" she added hastily; and to their excited imaginations there seemed a form like his standing at the helm. No other being was aboard.

Helen had often laughed at the legends that drowned fishermen, in the stormy nights, had been seen hovering in their barks around their former haunts, but now unnerved, and unable to withstand the evidence of her senses, she was for an instant staggered in her incredulity. Nor did the tenacity with which the strange sail maintained its position lessen her astonishment. The huge billows still broke with appalling violence ahead of the dark hull, and still, as if laughing and defying the danger, the little bark maintained her fearful position, bowing her light masts at every surge, and then rising, like a sea-duck, gallantly from the cloud of spray. A strange thrill of awe and horror shook the maiden's heart, as she saw the unnatural steadiness of the singular apparition, in danger of being momentarily submerged, but turning to Katrine, she asked—

"But, may it not be some poor mariner, driven in from sea?"

"How would he git *there*?" vehemently answered her companion, "he'd be too glad to run down the bay, and not lie in the very jaws of the breakers."

Helen felt the force of the reply, but continued,

"It may, then, be some one from the mainland."

"Mainland! There ain't a man from Vincent-town to Cowega, would dare to put out on such a night, marm; and then who'd lie to, with every breaker flinging its spray across his bow! Besides, he don't make a bit of leeway." And it seemed, indeed, as if the shadowy bark hung in the very spot where they had first seen her.

Such a succession of unanswerable facts rushing on the old woman's mind, well accounted for her agitation. She was half a sailor, and they are proverbially superstitious. She still spoke scarcely in a whisper; and when, after a pause, the cry of "halloo" was heard, wild and shrill, rising ominously from the distant craft, and then the same hail, in quick succession, followed two or three times, she fairly shivered with fear.

The cry, however, touched a new chord in the maiden's heart. It startled her, it is true, but after the first shock was passed, her cooler reason returned. She could not, indeed, account for the singular position of the vessel, or the tenacity with which she held it, but there is a spring in the mind which nothing can subdue, and, despite every thing, Helen began again to hope it might be aid. "At any rate, death will soon overtake us here," she thought, and, though she trembled with a half lingering awe and dread, she resolved to cry for help. "The ways of Providence are not our ways," she unconsciously exclaimed, as she begged Katrine to hail.

"Hail, marm!" said she, "are ye mad? Will ye call to them that's not mortal?" and she turned away shivering with superstitious fear.

By every argument which she thought would affect her, Helen strove to subdue her dread. But for awhile the old woman was deaf to every expostulation. In vain, Helen offered her riches—any thing she could name. With something of a sneer, she answered—

"In another hour, marm, your money 'll do you little good."

It was no time, however, to waste their few precious moments. If that shadowy craft was sailed by human hands, she might soon seek a safe harbor, and leave them to their fate. With sudden energy, Helen stepped to the window, and, before old Katrine could stay her, had sent her feeble voice over the waters. It scarcely seemed to be heard, but it broke the spell of the old woman's fear, and, when a few moments passed, and all was still, she gathered courage, and looked furtively out on the scene. An impenetrable darkness now hung over all. They could only hear the mingled roar of the winds and the surf, and feel the dead weight of the shattered waves as they fell against the house.

Helen redoubled her exertions with Katrine. Her hail had not been answered, and she trembled lest the aid had passed away. She reasoned again and again.

"Well, it can't be worse," at length said the old woman, moved by the tears of Helen, but most of all by her offers of money, if they should escape. "Besides, marm, they say human voices drive 'em away. The saints preserve us," suddenly said her companion, and, pitching her voice according to the gale, she sang out "ahoy! ahoy!" The sound was borne far away upon the breeze, but no answer followed. Emboldened by the effort, hope again resumed her sway, and, in a louder tone, she repeated the summons. For a while, a crash of thunder drowned every other cry, though the lightning flashing sharp before them, lightened up the darkness, and revealed again the foam and the breakers; but ship and helmsman had vanished from the scene. Once more, and quickly, the old woman sent her loud thrilling shout over the waste and the feebler voices of the others swelled the cry. It was in vain. Whether mortal or not, the fearful bark had only mocked them. Despair gnawed at their hearts. Old Katrine muttered—

"Once more; and, if mortal it be, they shall hear." And raising her hands to her mouth, and straining her throat to its fiercest tension, she poured forth a shrill, wild cry, that almost drowned the gale. When she had ceased, she leaned breathless back, clasping the sill convulsively in her suspense. The gale, for a moment, lulled, and they listened in thrilling agony, while, for that instant, their breath stopped, their pulses ceased,—and there came to their ears the dull, death-like washing of the waters, but nothing else. The momentary lightning showed them only a deserted waste.

"It's the fiend's ship. I told ye it would only mock us," almost shrieked Katrine, striking her arm wildly down, and seeing Helen about to implore her to continue, she added—"No! curse it—would you have me screech to the dead!" and turning away, with all the selfishness of her callous nature, she sought the safest part of the apartment—the ladder leading out upon the roof. Old Alie, too, who had silently partaken of their hopes, retreated to her pallet, and sat wringing her aged hands and muttering her prayers, every now and then turning to the maiden, and mourning that she had brought her there. She, however, with a face of calm despair, clasped her brother closer in her arms, and sat down with that silent resignation which is so fearful. The last act of the drama was winding up. The waters began to splash into the room, deepening at every surge. They were already a foot high in their narrow prison-house. Casting one wild thought on home and all she loved, Helen bid farewell to earth, committed all to God, and silently awaited the wave which should end their tortures.

"Sister, we shall soon be in heaven, with mother, and the sweet angels; shall we not, sister?" murmured the boy upon her bosom. But the heart-broken sister answered only with her tears.

That night was an eventful one to the inhabitants of the little port of Vincent-town. The rain splashed in the deserted streets, the wind roared among the creaking trees and around the houses, and the few vessels moored at their anchors, rocked fearfully on the short swell. A miser would not have turned a dog from his door on such a night; and the mother, as she listened to the roaring of the tempest, clasped her child closer in her arms, and thanked God that they were housed.

It was long past midnight, and a little group, heedless of the tempest, was gathered on the pier. Foremost in the crowd, stood a young man, with an excited mien, and still arrayed in a travelling dress. Who he was, no one knew. He had driven into the town about midnight, and was just retiring into the little tavern, when he caught from the unusually late loungers at the bar, an intimation of Helen Trevor's danger. From that moment he was a different man. Quick, earnest, and eloquent, he no sooner comprehended her danger, than he daringly resolved to save her at the peril of his life, and infusing a portion of his spirit into those around him, had soon obtained a boat and crew.

"Well, as the tide has ris more nor five feet, it is dangerous, that's certain," said Eph, whose conscience troubled him for neglecting, as he had promised, to bring off Helen in the afternoon. "I didn't think, when I dallied drinking with my old crony, Barton, that I hadn't seen for years, that it would turn out so. Besides, Tim Jones promised to take my place, and broke his word, the lubber; but, captain, it's running into Davy's locker—though the young lady was kind to me when I'd the rheumatis—and," said he, hesitatingly, "curse it, if I can refuse, and there's my hand on it."

"Huzza for Eph!" shouted the crowd.

We have all observed how infectious is the conduct of one resolute man in circumstances of peril. So was it now. Stimulated by the money and earnest courage of the stranger, and not willing to be outdone by any, the crew was soon completed, a half hour was spent in preparation, and, after a hearty cheer from the admiring crowd, the gallant schooner shot from the wharf, and was soon lost in the impenetrable gloom. As the spectators turned to depart, a sudden illumination disclosed her white sails far away in the foam of the southern horizon.

"What's our course, Eph! the bay is as dark as a wolf's mouth, but you say you know it well," said the stranger.

"With the wind here at nor' east, we must run down the beach; it's a good thing it lightens so, yer honor, one can see a little, though I never knew it so sharp in such a wind."

"A little singular in this latitude, I grant."

For a time the trusty bark breasted it gallantly, rushing on as if conscious of her mission, with the swiftness of a racer. Her firm, noble crew knew all hung on her. The chances of success were, indeed, few; but, they were making a generous effort, even though they felt that life and death were equally balanced. Their conduct was the more noble, that they did not know the inundation of the beach. But every instant the storm increased. The rain poured down in torrents, and the wind howled along, wrapping the schooner in a cloud of driving spray. The strained masts bent like whip-stalks, and the leeward gunwale was buried in every wave. Still, however, Eph and the stranger persisted in their purpose, apparently determined to succeed or perish. When, however, a sudden puff laid the schooner almost on her beam ends, Eph, as she slowly righted, exclaimed,

"She can't stand it much longer. I've been in her in many a gale; but never in one like this."

"How far off are we, think you?" eagerly asked the stranger.

"We must be nigh about there, but it's a hard night to tell one's bearings."

"Then, in God's name, keep on," was the reply; "but, would to heaven it was morning!"

All this time, the flashes, at intervals, were blazing around them, but the experienced sailor looked in vain for the beach. He began, indeed, to suspect the truth, when the look-out sung

"Light ahead!"

"Where away?" quickly demanded the young stranger.

"Dead ahead, sir, but I can't see it now," said the man, in a perplexed voice.

The young man stepped hastily forward, and, in a moment, returned, exclaiming,

"The man must have been mistaken, I do not even see the beach."

"I begin to think, captain, it's overflowed," coolly answered Eph.

"God forbid!" gasped the young man; but, in a moment, resuming the calm port of one who, conscious of danger, braves it at once, he added, "Then, is there no hope?"

"Little—very little," answered Eph, "the house couldn't stand long against the tide. But we may yet be in time—that is, maybap, if we can find their bearings."

"I have it—I have it," joyfully exclaimed the young stranger, "that light was theirs which the look-out saw. But we must before this have shot past it."

His companion made no reply; but, springing on the taffrail, he gazed out on the horizon. The survey he took was not very protracted—but embraced every quarter of the horizon. At its conclusion he coolly turned his quid and said,

"If we heave to, we'll keep nearest it anyhow; it's a tempting Providence, it's true, but our chance of getting back, ar'n't worth that," and he flung the old soldier away, "so it's not much matter whether we go to Davy Jones' locker, now or two bells hence."

"A good craft and a brave crew," was the answer, "we'll have 'em in port yet, my good fellow; I pray heaven, we catch the light again."

Obedient to the order, the gallant bark was now lying-to, under a close reefed topsail. Their situation, meanwhile, was growing more and more dangerous. The seamen had lost all knowledge of their position, and their only chance was in constantly heaving the lead.

"By the deep nine—and a quarter seven—by the mark five" was sung out successively.

It was dreadfully sublime as they hung there. The darkness was so thick and palpable, that the bow could scarcely be seen. The mingled roar of the wind and waters was awful, and every wave broke staggering upon them. Now and then, too, the billows swept the schooner's decks, almost laying her on her beam ends. She rose, however, majestically from the shock.

"Hilloo!—hil—hil—hilloo;" sung the look-out.

But neither the light was seen, nor answer followed. A few moments of increasing doubt ensued, when the young man said,

"I don't like that roar; surely we are not drifting on the breakers."

At that instant, the whole horizon was illuminated, and the cry of "Breakers ahead," rung ominously out. Eph, however, careless of the cry, nodded as he looked up, and gazed forth for a few minutes eagerly around. The whole crew sprang instantly to man the ropes, and waited breathlessly the order, conscious that they must come round instantly, or run upon the surf. It was a period of the deepest interest. The boldest blanched, for the waves were already combing within a cable's length, when Eph sprang down again, and waving his hand seized the helm. The schooner vacillated, slowly wore round, and then, gathering headway, glanced through the waters, the impatient billows vainly careering on her quarter.

"A narrow escape!" said the young man, drawing a long breath, "do you know where we are now, Eph?"

"Ay, do I; it was as judgmatical to find that out, as to bring her round; and, really, captain, but it was nicely done."

The danger was, however, only lessened, instead of being removed. The horizon was again dark, and they were racing before the waves with no other guide than that momentary view. They were now nearing the place where the old seaman said the house had stood, but still no answer came up from leeward to their continued shouts. The gale swept roaring by, and they were rushing like a meteor with it down the coast.

"Light ahead!" again sung the look-out. The young man sprang forward, and, with a thrill of joy, perceived a faint light over the windward bow, glimmering amid the distant foam.

"Ahoy! ahoy!" roared the excited young man, amid the thunder of the gale, as their bark shot by to leeward; and in a few minutes the beacon was flickering a quarter of a mile behind.

"We must tack, and take them off," he said, in a voice of elated joy.

"It's impossible, captain; I see you've sailed, and you can perceive it; look here;" and Eph pointed him to the billows which were sweeping unrestrained over the inundated island, far different from the somewhat broken ones with which they had hitherto had to contend. It was an agonizing moment for the young man, but he saw it was hopeless to argue.

"I pity the poor young 'oman—God bless her!" added Eph, "I'd save her if I could—but it's no use—it's no use—we can't bring her off,"—and he wiped his eyes with his sleeve.

"Good God!" was the heart broken exclamation of the stranger, as he turned and gazed upon the light. Suddenly, after a moment, it died away; and then, like one bereft of reason, he wildly strode the narrow deck. The hardy Eph gazed mournfully on him, uncertain and wavering. They had now met with smoother water, and were running to leeward of a part of the island which had not been overflowed. He paused, hesitatingly. The stranger suddenly looked up—

"By heaven! Eph we must make another effort"—he exclaimed with energy, "the morning is breaking, the gale lulls, and what though we die, can we die nobler?"

"Well," said the old seaman, "you're a noble fellow; and the young lady——let go the mainsail, and be d—d to you!" he shouted, to hide his emotion, as she rolled frightfully, and then heavily and tremblingly wore around. A moment more, and she was thumping into the very eye of the wind.

Slowly and darkly the morning broke, and like a worn out courser, the gallant schooner held on her way. It was still too dark to see far, when they had made, with infinite danger, a sufficient offing, to run again down by the island. As she flew once more along the coast, her little crew gazed in thrilling anxiety around them. The storm was rapidly subsiding, but the sea was still fearful, and they knew not that the house yet stood. An hour had passed since they lost the light, and, in all human probability, those whom they so nobly had sought to rescue, were where aid could never reach them. The emotion of the stranger increased with every moment. His head grew dizzy. He leaned for support against the mast. The crew hung breathlessly around.

"A——hoy!" sung the look-out, prolonging the sound for nearly a minute. All was still. They were shooting by where they had thought the house had stood. Eph looked up, and mournfully shook his head.

"Ahoy—a-hoy!"

"Hil-lo-o-o!" swept feebly up from windward, in return, and the blood tingled in the young man's veins, as he saw, in the grey light of the morning, the long sought for habitation, appearing and disappearing as the waves rose and fell around it; while the excited crew burst into a loud and simultaneous "[illegible]" and the schooner was quickly hove-to in the bay, [illegible] short distance of the sufferers, who were now seen [illegible], crowded in the narrow gable window of the house. They had heard the shouts of the rescuers, and old Katrine had only been re-assured by recognizing Eph as his dark craft loomed mistily in the morning. With difficulty, and seizing an opportunity when the sea had momentarily subsided, they were taken off. Helen, overpowered by the unexpected rescue, was borne by the stranger senseless into the cabin, and left to the rough care of old Katrine and Alie.

"Now, boys, let her go," shouted Eph, "and we'll run down to Cowega till the storm's over."

As they darted off, however, a frightful surge swept on, a crash was heard, and their strained eyes beheld the dark mass behind, fall helplessly into the waves.

"How is Miss Trevor?" eagerly asked the stranger, when old Katrine and Alie came on deck, as the little fishing village of Cowega hove in sight.

"Better," said Katrine.

"May I go below?" said he, placing his hand on the door of the little cabin.

"Sartainly," said Eph, "and give my compliments to the young lady, though you're the one that's really saved her, captain."

Katrine made no verbal answer, but she nodded an assent.

The young man bowed, turned, and hastily entered the low cabin. The beautiful girl was bending over her young companion when he entered, but, at the sound, she raised her face, and for a moment, gazed in mingled doubt and pleasure on the intruder. Her swimming eyes kindled, her rounded bust heaved, and the blood swept, with tell-tale velocity, even to her brow.

"Helen—Helen! may I claim you now?" asked the stranger, in his clear, open voice.

"Frank! dear Frank!" scarcely murmured the maiden.

"*My betrothed!*" was the only answer, as he caught her in his arms.

"Do you mean?" said an old salt, looking up, as the landlord of the little tavern in Vincent town, for the four hundred and fiftieth time, finished these traditionary facts, "do you mean to say that these were the breakers, and that the queer craft, lying to, it may be about here, was old Eph Hames' foretopsail?" and, suiting the action to the word, he dipped his finger in his beer, and drew on the table the relative positions of the coast and vessel.

"Mine host" nodded assent. "Then," exclaimed he, energetically, starting up, "*that* part's all a lie. I've heerd it many a time, when a boy, and knowed them as knowed old Katrine; and, to her dying day, she swore it was Tom Barney, in one of old Davy's Baltimore clippers."

And thus, too, say most of the fishermen on the coast. And many a stormy night, their children creep trembling to bed, after having heard the fearful legend of the inundated beach.

To the Queen of May.

BY PLINY EARLE, M. D.

When joyous May-day comes with smiles,
And blossoms make the valleys gay,
The blooming girls of England's isles
Go forth to celebrate the day;
And, roaming far 'midst Nature's bowers
Of twining vines and clustering flowers,
With thoughtful care select and cull
The bright ones and the beautiful.

Sure are their treasured gems; and now
Inwoven thick with leaflets green,
A wreath is braided for the brow
Of her who is their chosen queen;
And, while amidst her flowing hair
They weave the dewy garland fair,
A thousand hopes for her are given,
A thousand blessings asked from Heaven.

As British maidens, so would we
Bring forth our offerings to the shrine,
And twine a blooming wreath for thee,
This blessed morn, this day benign.
And from our hearts we offer up
A prayer, that thine may be the cup
Of sweetness, proffered by that Power
Whose blessings crown us every hour.

Nor is the garland wreathed for thee,
Alone of flowers that twine
In beauty at the dawn, to be
Destroyed at day's decline.
Ours are affection's blossoms, pure
From feeling's altar, that endure
Through time, and then but pass away
To bloom in everlasting day.

Heaven bless thee! sister fair, and while
Down life's broad stream thy bark shall glide
With course directed to the isle
Of Heavenly rest, beyond time's tide;—
Peace be around thee; and above,
The guardian canopy of love!
Till, anchored on that blessed shore
Where tears are dried forevermore,
A port of rest to thee is given,
Within the blissful realms of Heaven.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

May-Day.

"Oh! the merry May hath pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silver tide."

The first of May has always been a favorite with the poets. From Chaucer down to Wordsworth they have united to sing its praises in some of the sweetest effusions found in any language. The very name of May-day has a charm almost indescribable, reminding us of green fields, bright skies, budding flowers, and all that is beautiful in awakening nature. No wonder the poets loved to sing of it. And though all have striven to surpass themselves with such a theme, few have equalled Milton, in his immortal Sonnet.

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire,—
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing."

The custom of observing the first of May as a holiday may be traced back to a classic origin. No man has written more beautifully on the subject, or examined into the origin of the festival of May-day with more acuteness, than that enthusiastic lover of rural customs and sun-shiny fields, William Howitt. He thus traces the origin of the festival:—

"The European observance of this custom is principally derived from the Romans, who have left the traces of it in all the countries they subdued. It was their festival of Flora. It was the time in which they sacrificed to Maja; and in Spain, where this custom seems to remain much as they left it, the village-queen still is called Maia. But we have traces of it as it existed among the Saxons, whose barons at this time going to their Wittenagemote, or Assembly of Wise Men, left their peasantry to a sort of saturnalia, in which they chose a king, who chose his queen. He wore an oaken, and she a hawthorn wreath; and together they gave laws to the rustic sports, during those sweet days of freedom. The May-pole too or the column of May, was the grand standard of justice among these people, in the EY-COMMONS, or fields of May; and the garland hung on its top, was the signal for convening the people. Here it was that the people, if they saw cause, deposed or punished their governors, their barons and kings. It was one of the most ancient customs, which, says Brande, has by repetition been from year to year perpetuated."

The Druids observed the custom also. Indeed it would seem as if all of the European races, and even some of the oriental tribes, in one mode or another kept a festival at this period in honor of returning Spring,—and so evident is this, that nearly all the practices now observed on May-day can be traced back to their origin in some pagan or classic festival. The custom of blowing horns on this day, still continued at London, Oxford, Cambridge, and other places, is obviously derived from the rites of Diana. The Hindoos hold a vernal feast called HUULYAH, on the 9th of Baisach, when they erect a pole and adorn it with garlands, performing much the same rites as those adopted in England in the "good old times." These observances, however, though originally dictated by a religious feeling and coming first into use among a rude and superstitious people, do not always partake of a like character. The ancient Celts appear to have observed the day by a worship of the sun, instead of flowers,—but the connexion of both with returning vegetation may easily be traced. In Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, the people still kindle fires on the tops of the mountains on the first of May, called Beal fires, and celebrate a festival which goes by the name of Beltane, or [illegible]. Even in Cumberland, in its wilder parts, as well as among the Cheviots in Scotland, the [illegible] is observed. Many of these ceremonies [illegible] spiritual creatures [illegible] mythology, enjoyed [illegible] morning of the first of May. [illegible] monies were no doubt connected the [illegible] of the Blocksburg in Germany,—and the custom of defending the houses by forest boughs, gathered with peculiar ceremonies, and worn by the young on May-eve, in almost every European country.

The origin of the custom is thus to be traced to a religious feeling. The ceremonies observed in England, are described by Howitt at length.

"What then were the exact ceremonies of May-day? The Romans celebrated the feast of Flora in this manner. The young people went to the woods, and brought back a quantity of boughs, with which they adorned their houses. Women ran through the streets, and had the privilege of insulting every one who came in their way. And here may we not see the custom, still continued in France, though fallen into desuetude here, of the *epousees* (brides) of the month of May! The *epousees* are the little daughters of the common people, dressed in their best, and placed on a chair, or bank, in the streets and public walks, on the first Sunday in May. Other little girls, the brides' companions, stand near with plates, and tease the passengers for some money for their *epousees*.

"Like the Romans, then, our ancestors celebrated May-day, as a festival of the young. The youth of both sexes, rose shortly after midnight, and went to some neighboring wood, attended by songs and music, and breaking green branches from the trees, adorned themselves with wreaths and crowns of flowers. They returned home at the rising of the sun, and made their windows and doors gay with garlands. In the villages they danced during the day round the May-pole, which was hung to the top with wreaths and garlands, and afterward remained the whole year untouched, except by the seasons,—a fading emblem and consecrated offering to the Goddess of Flowers. At night the villagers lighted up fires, and indulged in revellings, after the Roman fashion. In England they added the pageant of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, with Friar Tuck, Will Stutely, and others of their merry company; the dragon and the hobby-horse,—all of which may be found fully described in Strutt's Queenhoo-Hall."

Such were the festivities of youth and nature to which the English monarchs, especially Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, used to go forth and participate. In the reign of the Maiden Queen, pageant seemed to arrive at its greatest height, and the May-day festivities were celebrated in their fullest manner; and so they continued, attracting the attention of the royal and noble, as well as the vulgar, till the close of the reign of James I. In 'The Progresses of Queen Elizabet,' vol. iv. part i., is this entry: 'May 8th 1602. On May-day, the queen went a-Maying to Sir Rich. Buckley's, at Lewisham, some three or four miles off Greenwich.' This may be supposed to be one of those scenes represented in Mr. Leslie's magnificent picture of May-day, in which Elizabeth is a conspicuous object. It is recorded by Chambers, that Henry VIII. made a grand procession, with his queen Katherine and many lords and ladies, from Greenwich to Shooter's Hill, where they were met by a Robin Hood pageant. In Henry VI.'s time, the aldermen and sheriffs of London went to the Bishop of London's wood, in the parish of Stebenheath, and there had a worshipful dinner for themselves and other comers; and Lydgate the poet, a monk of Bury, sent them by a pursuivant 'a joyful commendation of that season, containing sixteen stanzas in metre royall.'

Old Aubrey says, that in Holland they had their *May-booms* before their doors, but that he did not recollect seeing a May-pole in France. Yet nothing is more certain than the custom of the French of planting tall trees in their villages at this time, and of adorning their houses with boughs, and of planting a fresh shrub of some pleasant kind under the window, or by the door of their sweethearts, before day-break, on a May-morning. Aubrey himself complains bitterly of the people taking up great trees in the forest of Woodstock to plant before their doors; and John Evelyn as bitterly laments the havoc made in the woods in his time. They are safe from such depredations now. Yet in different parts of England still, till within these few years, lingered vestiges of this once great day. At *Horncastle* in Lincolnshire, the young people used to come marching up to the May-pole with wands wreathed with cowslips, which they there struck together in a wild enthusiasm, and scattered in a shower around them. At *Padstow* in Cornwall, they have, or had lately, the procession of the hobby-horse. At Oxford on May-day, at four o'clock in the morning, they ascend to the top of the tower of Magdalen College, and used to sing a requiem for the soul of Henry VII., the founder, which was afterwards changed to a concert of vocal and instrumental music, consisting of several merry catches, and a concluding peal of the bells. The clerks and choristers, with the rest of the performers, afterwards breakfasted on a side of lamb. At Arthur's Seat, at Edinburgh, they make a grand assembly of young people about sun rise, to gather May-dew, and dance.

It was only in England indeed—merry England as they used to call it—that the festivities of May-day were observed in all their splendor; and though the poets have no doubt exaggerated the loveliness of those scenes, yet the very enthusiasm displayed in their verses proves that this festival was the choicest one of the year. What would we not give now for a May-day in the reign of good queen Bess! There we should see the flower decked pole of the village; the rosy cheeked maiden, who was queen of May; the group of timorous lads and blushing lasses dancing on the green; the hobby-horse, the dragon, the jugglers, the morrice-dancers and all the paraphernalia of the day, while merry laughter would ring out on the air, and music would fill the whole atmosphere with melody.

But alas! it cannot be. The day for such things has gone by. The world has changed since the time when Elizabeth appeared at a May pole to dance in the presence of her loving subjects, or when the fair Rosamond, that loveliest daughter of the house of Clifford, joined with her bluff lord in the greenwood revels of the day. The spirit which gave life to these antique sports has passed away as completely as the morrice-dancers and hobby-horses used in those holidays.

As children become graver in their approach to manhood, so nations grow more sedate as they advance in improvement; and though we may regret the loss of much that was poetical in our character, yet the substantial advantages which the present practical state of society affords us, and which our ancestors had not in "the good old times," more than compensate for the want of ideal pleasures.

But here is a later writer at our elbow, whose enthusiasm on the subject is only surpassed by that of Howitt. He is an American too, and has been a-maying—we stake our goose-quill on it!—many and many a time. He paints a may-day such as we have it here, and not such as it is in England. Hear his rhapsody! He is writing on a showery day in April.

"It is April, fickle fooling April, but already one begins to dream of May. And soon it will be here. Oh! how we long for its bright sunshine, its budding flowers, its delicious perfumes, its breezy mornings and its starry nights, reminding us of that better country where the streams sing on forever, where the spring-time never fades, and where all the sainted ones we have loved on earth, purified and made more glorious than ever, await us with their seraphic smiles. May!—bright, beautiful May!—what is like to thy loveliness! The Summer may be full of maturer beauty; the Autumn more like a matron in her queenliness; but thou art as a young and innocent bride, all blushing and trembling in thy tearful gladness. And of all days in May give us the first—the vesperus of her sky—the proudest gem in her coronal.

"We wish this good old custom could be revived among us, not with its grotesque maskers, but as a day for greenwood sports. We sing 'Io Pæn' at the few celebrations which are vouchsafed to us in these degenerate days. Your crabbed utilitarians may talk of its uselessness, and sneer at it as a childish pastime, but who that has a soul for the beautiful in nature can fail to love this merry-making on the greensward! Let us welcome in the blushing month with the young, and beautiful, and gay, feeling as we partake in their sports, as if old Spenser had dreamed of the fair ones around us, when he drew that immortal picture of May:

'Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde,
And throwing flow'res out of her lap around:
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda; which on either side
Supported her, like to their Soveraine Queene.
Lord! how all creatures laught, when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
And Cupid selfe about her fluttered all in greene.'

[illegible] 'The fayrest mayd on ground!' Have you ever been on a May party? Then do [illegible] group, but of the [illegible] the world? You were just [illegible] was in her sixteenth spring, by our [illegible] had never met before, but long ere nightfall,—what with wandering through the wood together, or plucking flowers for each other, or lifting her over the pebbly little brook clear and musical as her own pure heart—you have come to feel as if you had known each other for years. And that night you cannot sleep for thinking of her, or if toward morning you drop into a doze, you dream—oh! how sweetly—of your little partner; so sweetly that when you awake, you sigh, and close your eyes, and would give the world if you could only sleep and dream thus of her forever. And you get up and feel even melancholy, wishing all the while that every day was the first of May, and that—for why not!—your golden-haired darling was your constant partner. And that very morning you chance, mind! only chance—to have some business that takes you down the street where she resides, and you happen so accidentally to meet her as she comes forth, looking to your eyes, with her snowy virgin robe, and her blooming cheek, and her neat chip bonnet wreathed around with flowers, more beautiful than ever—aye! more beautiful than you had imagined aught earthly could be, even though 'Deckt all with dainties of the season's pryde.' And so you can but address her—and she happens to be going your way too—and nothing can be more natural than that you should talk about yesterday—and thus you go on smiling and chatting and feeling so joyous withal, that in the very gladness of your heart you can almost carol aloud with the happy birds, or 'leap and daunce as you had ravisht beene!' Ah! verily young May-goer thou hast lost thy heart.

"And so it proceeds. And you call upon her—as *of course* you must—to ask her whether she over-fatigued herself on May-day, you having forgotten altogether in *your casual* meeting to propound to her that question. And when thus calling you find she has a harp or a piano, and as you play on the flute, it is the most natural thing in the world to practise duetts together. Or perhaps you are both learning French, or reading Goethe in the original, or doing something else—no matter what!—which can be better done in company. And by and bye you get so used to these visits, that not an evening passes without beholding you together; and gradually you forget your studies and care not for them, though all the while perhaps you are learning a sweeter lesson, and your golden-haired partner will sigh now—most singular!—so very often; and you yourself will begin to feel your heart flutter when her soft blue eye meets your own by chance, for of late you do not look into each other's faces as you used to; and so by and bye—heaven only knows how—you will find yourselves sitting side by side on the sofa; a few smothered words will be whispered; you will draw her with a holy embrace toward you; her head will sink upon your bosom; and thus for—it may be five minutes, it may be longer—you will sit in silence, a deep sacred silence, with your hearts quick beating against each other in a rapture no words can tell. And at length you will whisper her name; and with a happy sigh she will look up "smiling tearfully," as the blind old Scioto has it; and again you will press her to your bosom, breathing your deep deep love in every word; and she will murmur back your vows, at length, with maidenly whispers, blushing to her bosom the while, and speaking lower than an angel might be thought to sigh. And so—and so—years after, when she sits beside you at your household hearth, with that fair-haired little one smiling on her knee, you will bless God that ever you went a-Maying. Ah! give us the love which comes in the freshness and innocence of youth.

"But May-Day is not all that charms us in the blushing month. All through its sunny days there is the song of birds, and the odor of flowers, and the waving of green grass, the more beautiful because we have just emerged from the snows of Winter, the blustering winds of March, and the fickle skies of April. Everything is budding and breaking into life. If you go out into the fields you can almost hear the grass growing. The garden has a thousand colors, and they all mingle in harmony. The birds greet you at morning beneath your window, and your favorite steed gambols at your approach in wanton joy. The winds murmur low like rushes by the river side, the hills are covered once more with verdure, and the delicious greenness of the meadow land is past the poet's pen. And most of all, the one whom for years you have loved, seems to grow more beautiful daily, smiling and carolling around you, to your eyes even lovelier than when you first won her for your bride."

What more can we add to this? The enthusiasm of Howitt and his American cotemporary has almost made us repine at the lot which shuts us up in a close crowded city when all nature is bursting into life around us, and the whole air is full of the songs of the returning birds, and the perfume of the new-born flowers. Give us, after all, the free air of heaven! Let us see the blue sky above and around us: let us hear the murmur of waters on a soft May evening; let us kindle into adoration toward that great being who is the author alike of us and nature, by gazing unfettered on his mysterious works. "God made the country," says Cowper, "but man made the town."

We like May-day. We advocate its observance. But we like it only when it is sunny, like a young girl in her beauty; and we advocate its observance, not as a day for riot and roystering, but as one when the young and happy meet together on the greensward for their innocent sports. Is it not Willis who has said of another occasion?

'I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,
In the midst of the merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.'

Yes! and who that has gazed upon a happy May party has not felt his pulses thrill, and been for the time young again? There is an unwritten philosophy in this which exalts the soul of man. If we would purify the heart; if we would enlarge the mind; if we would give vigor to the frame, or strength to the constitution, we would encourage rural holidays, and as the queen of all, we would have our MAY-DAY.

Philadelphia.

[SAT]URDAY POST.

[ED]ITED AND PUBLISHED BY
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SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by *back balances.* Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together, and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

A Word for Ourselves.

We appear this week, in an entirely new dress, and so much enlarged, that we "*feel quite big,*" albeit, as modest as a maiden, at the popping of the question. And like a lady in such a predicament, who has had the regulating of the whole courtship herself, and has brought the willing, though unsuspecting swain to her feet, at the precise hour calculated upon, we must say, that we "*feelquite in a flurry*" at our unexpected good luck. Here we are however, as good looking as ever, we hope,—we are certainly much larger—and more *takeable.* Not that we have any intentions of soliciting proposals. Pshaw the thought! Our books are open, however, and if people will take the very paper which we chance to edit, in preference to another, *is that any fault of ours?*

We desire to keep upon good terms with all the world, and with the readers of the Saturday Evening Post particularly, for a more generous, jolly, good natured "lot of folks" do not exist; nay, we may add, if we may judge from our books, people who hold on to life, with more tenacity, and promptly pay their debts. Many of them have taken the paper for nearly TWENTY ONE YEARS, and are disposed to hand it down to their families as a kind of heir loom, with a clause in their wills, to cut every heir off without a shilling, who fails to take and pay for the paper.

It will be seen at a glance, that with people of such character for honesty and constancy, it is easy to get along smoothly, provided a man does his duty by them, so that all that we have to do to keep the best list of subscribers in the country, *is to publish the best paper.* Whether we are disposed to do so, let the reader judge. Our aim shall be, *to keep the Post up with the spirit of the age,* and not by idleness or inactivity, suffer ourselves to be left behind by new competitors in the race, to the detriment of those whose kindness has been shown by continuing with us, through all kinds of opposition, and in *all kinds of times.* In the present embarrassed state of the Country, and confusion in finance, it is a matter of pride, to see how many feel the importance of keeping a good family newspaper. Formerly, a newspaper, was the first thing cut from the list of expenses as a luxury, that could be denied. Now, it is a necessity of the household, and a man would sooner think of denying his family a meal a day, than the means to acquire a knowledge of what is going on in th[illegible] would around them. [illegible] ty of procuring [illegible] subscribers pour in, so that [illegible] very reverses which overtake the country, the spirit of the people rises triumphant and shines clearly out. The Americans will never sit down in darkness to despond, they will find the light, and seek a remedy for disease, and the more newspapers are circulated, the greater the probability of keeping heart, and finding the truth.

Without farther "bowing and scraping," we will say, that those who have gone with us, thus far, will find us "the same old two-and-sixpence," and that those who wish to make our acquaintance, can do so from any distance, through the politeness of our extremely obliging friend "Uncle Sam," whose capacious pockets, leather lined, are commodiously arranged for the conveyance of bills of all sizes, and that we will guarrantee the safety of all commands entrusted to the old gentleman, who although, at times a little gruff, is to us especially obliging and civil.

The War Steamer Mississippi.

Such of our citizens as have not yet seen this wonderful specimen of naval architecture, should avail themselves of the little time remaining before she is launched, for the purpose of visiting her. She is worth a dozen of the sights which are daily puffed up in the newspapers as wonderful, when in reality they are mere catchpennies. Nothing of this kind, however, appertains to the war steamer. The admission to the Navy Yard is free, and no impediment is placed in the way of our citizens freely examining this astonishing naval structure.

The length of the Mississippi Steamer is twelve feet greater than that of the far-famed Pennsylvania; and is the same with that of the steamer Missouri, now being built at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Her beam is not so great as the Pennsylvania, though, with her wheel houses, she will appear much wider. Her height from the bottom up is likewise somewhat less, but we should think not more than ten or fifteen feet. Her engines will be of great power, having a cylinder seventy-five inches in diameter, and a length of stroke of six feet. The wheels will be twenty-nine feet across, and eleven feet in width, and when the steamer is loaded they will be immersed six feet and a half in the water. The engine will have four copper boilers, and will be constructed after the plan of the English marine engines, having, however, American balance barrels and cut off valves. The consumption of coal, it is calculated, will amount to thirty-two tons daily. The power will be about equal to that of five hundred horses. Her pumps will be constructed after Masten's patent, their utility having been tested thoroughly in the English service.

Altogether this stupendous structure is one of the greatest curiosities of our city, and we wonder that more attention has not been called to it. The launch of so vast a vessel will attract thousands to behold it, and will only fall short in interest to that of the Pennsylvania. She will be launched next Wednesday.

Shameful Outrage.

A most shameful outrage was lately perpetrated at Oregon, Ogle County, Illinois. The facts as they reached us may possibly have been distorted; at least we hope so. We give them, however, as we heard them.

It appears that several of a gang of horse stealers had been arrested in the neighborhood, and during the session of the Court, with a view to the rescue of the prisoners, fire was communicated to the court-house, which was consumed; the jail with some difficulty was preserved from the flames, and the prisoners were kept secure. The town was in great excitement, rumors being circulated that the confederates of the prisoners were resolved to assail the persons and property of all concerned in prosecuting the accused felons. Judge Ford, who presided, took occasion to allude to these threats, and admonish those who made them, that the moral portion of the community was well enough organized to protect themselves and the laws. For himself, his official station would compel him to leave his home, but he gave notice that, if in his absence, his family or property should be assailed in pursuance of the threats already made, he would, upon his return, place himself at the head of his friends, pursue the offenders wherever they might retreat, and—judge or no judge, law or no law—hang them summarily upon the nearest tree.

This is rather *unjudicial* language from the bench, and is nearly, if not quite as reprehensible, as the conduct of the mob. How can men be expected to obey the law, if even its administrators disregard it? There may, however, have been some palliative circumstances, with which we are unacquainted, in the case. We admire the stern determination of Judge Ford to punish the criminals, but we cannot believe that he would have executed them without a fair trial. Better ten guilty should escape than one innocent man die wrongfully.

McLeod's Trial.

The Judiciary committee of the New York Legislature reported, this day week, a bill, to provide for a *Special Circuit Court for the trial of McLeod.* The bill provides that the Court may be held in such county as the Chief Justice shall deem most expedient. If this be carried into effect, and McLeod acquitted—as now appears to be most probable—all difficulties on this score between the U. States and Great Britain, will be at an end.

Splendid Steamer.

The magnificent steamer, which Mr. Ridgway has been building, is now nearly completed. She will be a beautiful boat, both in proportion and ornament. Her engines will be tried on the first of May. It is said that she will be the fastest boat on the river. She will be called the New Jersey.

Popular Lectures.

Dr. James W. Griffiths, late member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, will deliver the sixth of his course in St. Johns street Church, between Fifth and Sixth, above Vine street, on Thursday evening, the 6th of May, at 8 o'clock. Subject—"THE ORIGIN OF MAN." Tickets to be had at the door.

Pennsylvania Improvements.

How many of our readers—even of those who are citizens of Pennsylvania—know the localities, cost, revenue, and value of the canals and rail roads of our state? Not many we trow. Men talk of state improvements, the extension of trade, the cutting of new canals, the laying of rail roads, and all that, and yet the most of them, so far from knowing what we want, are scarcely acquainted with what we already have.

A very valuable table has been prepared, to remove this general ignorance, by Dr. Hammond, of the Treasury Department. It furnishes accurate statements of the cost, and of the revenue and expenditures of our improvements from November 1st, 1829, to November 1st, 1840, a period of eleven years. The whole table is made up from official records. We have condensed it for the benefit of our readers.

The Eastern Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, extending from Columbia to Duncan's Island—a distance of 43 miles—cost $1,734,958. The aggregate revenue is $1,047,826. The aggregate expenditures, $422,805. In the year 1839—40, the revenue was $142,671; and the expenditure, $65,681.

The Juniata division of the Pennsylvania Canal, extends from Duncan's Island to Holidaysburg, a distance of 130 miles. Cost, $3,437,334. Aggregate revenue, $491,104. Expenses $592,180.

The Western Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, extends from Johnstown to Pittsburg, 105 miles. Cost $2,964,982. Whole revenue, $897,013. Expenditures, $999,834.

The Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, extends from Bristol to Easton, 60 miles. Cost $1,374,774. Revenue $586,515. Expenses $639,831.

The Susquehanna Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, extends from Duncan's Island to Northumberland, 39 miles. Cost $867,874. Revenue $141,730. Expense $314,253.

The North Branch Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, extends from Northumberland to Lackawannock, 73 miles. Cost $1,491,894. Revenue, $63,559. Expense $390,624.

The West Branch Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, extends from Northumberland to Dunnsburg, 72 miles. Cost $1,708,579. Revenue, $60,859. Expense $333,738.

The French Creek Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, extends from Franklin to Conneaut Lake, 45 miles. Cost 784,754. Revenue $4,767. Expenditure $133,979.

The Beaver Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, extends from Beaver to Newcastle, 25 miles. Cost $523,258. The gross revenue $10,924. Expense, $139,082.

The Columbia and Philadelphia Rail Road extends from Columbia to Philadelphia, 82 miles. Cost $3,983,202. Gross Revenue, $2,030,329. Gross Expenditure $1,883,998.

The Allegheny Portage Railway extends from Hollidaysburg to Johnstown, a distance of 36 miles. Cost $1,783,176. Gross revenue, $856,955. Expenditure $954,879.

The gross cost of all the finished improvements, as above specified, is $20,653,791. Gross revenue, $6,181,634. Gross expenditures, $6,694,206.

The cost in the abstract embraces that of the original construction, as well as that of new work, up to November 1st 1840. The revenue i[illegible] power, and canal a[illegible] embrac[illegible] alone are [illegible] receipts are $6,191,634. [illegible] of the former over the latter of $512,[illegible]. *Our public works do not therefore at present pay their current expenses,* whatever they may eventually do. This is throwing out of view altogether the interest of their cost. Their gross cost, as above, is $20,653,791, which at five per cent. is $1,032,689 annually. The state therefore sustains a loss of $1,545,271 yearly on her public works. Is not this an alarming fact!

Christ Rejected.

This magnificent picture, perhaps the *chef d'oeuvre* of West, is now being exhibited at the Hall of Independence, in Chesnut above Fifth streets. Christ Rejected is distinguished by all that great painter's beauties, and is less marked by his peculiar defects than his other compositions.

The principal figures are those of the High Priest, Pilate, and the Saviour. The former occupies nearly the centre of the canvass; Pilate is placed a little to his left; and Christ stands to the left of the Roman Governor. These three figures are clothed in white, so that they are brought out in bold relief amid the mass of shadow, which spreads in a semi-circle around them, and buries the sides and bottom of the picture in comparative gloom. Of these three figures, that of Christ is the most striking. In delineating our Saviour West has excelled himself. The meek countenance,—the patient attitude,—the calm repose of the whole figure surpass description. We gaze and gaze again, and though for a while the eye may wander to other figures, it soon returns to that meek, enduring face, and that half bending patient form, of "the man of sorrows." Amid all the revilings of the mob the Saviour stands unmoved. The reed that is placed in his hands, and the robe that is cast across his shoulders in mockery of his kingdom, change not the expression of his face. With hands bound he stands before the enraged multitude, reminding us of that beautiful passage in Isaiah describing the Saviour "as a lamb before his shearers, dumb."

The figures of the disciples, the females in the foreground, and the Roman soldiers cannot but attract attention, after the eye has feasted itself on the prominent group above mentioned. Perhaps, however, the number of the figures mars the effect of the composition. Too many actors in the scene destroys the unity of the whole. The Cartoons of Rafaelle have a serene simplicity, resulting as much from the absence of unnecessary figures, as from the grandeur and elevation of the painter's general style.

We cordially recommend this to notice. Christ Rejected is a study in itself, and will amply repay the time spent examining it. It is, moreover, the production of a Pennsylvanian. Let it never be forgotten, that from a neighboring county went forth one of the greatest historical painters of the last age.

Artist's Fund Address.

The annual address before this association, preparatory to the opening of their exhibition, was delivered on Friday the 23d ult. by the Rev. W. H. Furness, at the Musical Fund Hall. The room, notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the evening, was filled with the elite of the city, and the orator was listened to for nearly an hour with the most undivided attention.

The address was admirably calculated for the occasion. Its language was beautiful; its ideas chaste; and its style classic and elegant. It was principally devoted to an appeal for the beautiful in art. The orator spoke of the love of the beautiful pervading the human breast, and the generous feelings which almost invariably accompany it. A public speaker, he said, was praised for his facility in pourtraying scenes and actions in language; and why should not the artist claim an equal merit for bringing the same object in its original hues before the eye? Next to nature herself is the representation of her. A landscape, painted on canvass, may afford nearly as much pleasure to the lover of the beautiful as the same scene in nature.

The orator also alluded to the common cry about "utility." He said that the mind required other than merely useful things, and that nature, by gifting men with a sense of the beautiful, had intended them not to be mere "drawers of wood and hewers of water." The being who has no emotion for the beautiful, wants some of the most glorious attributes of his race. He does not participate in the refined enjoyments: he has no lot in the better part of our nature. The artist, however, is not only alive to these emotions, but his object is to create them in others. His works, if they possess merit, will always be prized as something linking us to nature. On the whole the lecture was of a most pleasing character, and afforded much gratification to the audience. We hope it will be published.

Health in Philadelphia.

The testimony, in the D'Hauteville case, of Dr. Chapman, who for thirty years has been a prominent medical practitioner in Philadelphia, presents some facts respecting the general salubrity of the climate in our city, which deserve attention. Dr. Chapman has always been an acute observer, and his opinion is entitled to great weight, especially when it is founded, as in the present case, on facts. The remarks of the Doctor, especially those respecting consumption, may at first startle our readers, but we suppose that it is only intended to be asserted that most of the victims are among strangers, either wholly or partially foreign to the place. Every one knows the influence of intermarriage on the constitutions of the progeny.

"As regards this city," he says, "in respect to asthma, I think it most exempt from that disease, for the same population, than any part of the world—this so far as I know. There is very little of it among the natives: the cases which I see are generally persons coming hither from other places to consult us on that disease. It is a very remarkable disease in many particulars, and in none more than the influence of locality. Persons living in a thickly settled city may be exempt, and yet if they go a few miles into the country, be seized with it; and persons coming here, though before subject to it, will be exempt. And it is remarkable that Philadelphia is nearly exempt from pulmonary disease. I don't know one native family liable to it. Who ever heard of a marriage being objected to, in this city, on the ground of either party, if belonging to a native family, being consumptive? No gentleman or lady, a native of Philadelphia, dies of pulmonary disease."

Funeral Pageant at Baltimore.

The funeral ceremonies in honor of the late President which were observed in Baltimore on Monday last, were of unusual magnificence. At an early hour the heavy booming of the artillery resounded through the city, arousing the citizens from their slumbers, and reminding them of the solemn purposes to which the day was to be devoted.

Long before the time for the procession to move, almost every house along the route had been shrouded in mourning, and many of them in quite a tasty manner, though still in accordance with the grave dignity of the occasion. Notwithstanding the most propitious appearances on the preceding evening with regard to the weather, the morning was gloomy, and serious apprehensions were entertained that the day would be a most unpleasant one. A light rain or mist started the umbrellas about 8 o'clock, but happily the threatening clouds "held up," and no disagreeable effects were experienced—the gloom above seeming to be not inapt with the sad and solemn scene below.

The spectacle which the procession presented was one of unusual effect. The most elaborate description would fail to convey an adequate idea of its solemn magnificence. The unanimity of feeling on the occasion was never before equalled in Baltimore; and the numbers of the procession were consequently greater than on any former occasion in that city. The funeral car, in precisely the same state as it was used at Washington was introduced. The military turned out in admirable display, and were exceedingly imposing in appearance and strength. The Masons, Odd Fellows, with the countless societies which abound in that city, banners, music, insignia, troops of horse, artillery, &c. combined to produce a pageant, the slow and solemn progress of which through the city, shrouded in the sable habiliments of mourning, was inconceivably imposing and grand.

The funeral dirge, being the only sound which broke the silence of the march, justified the saying of an observer, that he "could only feel that the scene before him was the tramp of death."

The procession marched to Mount Vernon Place, where an oration was delivered by Jonathan Meredith, Esq. in the presence of an immense concourse. The address was a fine effort, chaste, appropriate, and eloquent. Everything indeed was in keeping with the occasion. The Washington Monument, occupying the centre of the square, was elegantly shrouded. Baltimore has equalled, and many think excelled, her sister cities in the splendor, appropriateness, and solemnity of her funeral pageant.

The Sultanee Arrived.

This ship, belonging to the Imaum of Muscat, which attracted so much attention at New York last year, arrived out on the 7th of December last, after a passage of 120 days from New York and 29 from the Cape of Good Hope. Capt. Drinker, who went out as navigator, had strong inducements held out to him by the Sultan, to remain in his service, such as the command of the best frigate in his navy, with the prospect of a voyage to New York within a year, &c., but he declined. The Sultan also endeavored to retain by tempting offers, the four American seamen who went out with Capt. Drinker: but one, however, accepted the proposal. His navy is composed of many fine ships, all [illegible] Bombay, of teak wood, but they are entirely [illegible] suffered to go to pieces. The inhabitants [illegible]ed as a very filthy, half-naked, slavish race, [illegible] a collection of hovels scarcely fit for dog kennels. Mahmoud Ben Juma, the second in command was unfortunately drowned a short time after the ship had anchored. He was a very intelligent young man, studious, shrewd, and observing, and one of the most ambitious and promising officers in the Sultan's service. He acquired the English language to a considerable extent while in this country, and kept a journal into which he copied all the articles that appeared in the newspapers in relation to the ship or to any subject of interest, as well as his own observations on men and manners. The crew of the Sultanee was made up of common slaves purchased at a few dollars per head. Capt. Drinker is of opinion that the Sultan will not at present send another ship to this country, as the result of this voyage has in a commercial point of view proved unfortunate, and such is the want of energy among the Arabs, that three years elapsed before the Sultanee was ready for sea after the project of the first voyage was broached. A proof of the apathetic indifference of these people is the fact, that when Capt. Drinker left, not one of the packages containing the present to the Sultan had been opened. The opening was postponed from time to time for nearly two months, and perhaps they have not been examined to this day. A large crowd of natives assembled on the beach to see the ship come up and when the crew landed, they were overwhelmed with questions in relation to America.

Latest from Florida.

By a letter, dated Florida April 16th, which appeared in the Savannah Republican we have advices from the seat of war. The affairs remain *in statu quo.* Reports however, from Tampa were unfavorable. Coosa Tustenuggee, who went out to bring in his people, had not even brought himself back. Other chiefs, of whom Gen. Armistead was sanguine, had, become lukewarm, and the general impression was that the business of emigration will wind up with another summer campaign. Alec Tustenuggee was still quiet. No one knew where he had taken himself. "We shall doubtless" says the letter-writer "hear of his position ere long, as you are aware he is the most restless of the Florida Bandits. I will give you the cue of the war frequently—but do not close it too suddenly, lest, like an imperfectly cured wound, it break out afresh to the annoyance of yourself and readers."

The Savannah Georgian of the 2nd ult. records another murder. We learn, it says, from a passenger in the Gen. Clinch, Capt. Brooks, from Pilatki, that an express rider passing from Tampa to Fort Clinch, on the Withlacoochee river, was shot between Anutaliga swamp and Fort Clinch. Two balls were found in the mail bags, which were brought in by the horse, and first, by his presence, gave notice of the attack.

Lieut. Woodruff, 2nd Infantry, died at Fort Holmes a few days since.

The Savannah Republican of the 19th inst. contains a letter, dated Pilatki, April 19th, of the following tenor. "I am sorry to inform you that the war has broken out anew. I have just learned that all the Indians, save about twenty, have left Tampa—among them Wild Cat, and in fact all of any note. They have killed a couple of express riders. The bag containing the mail has been found perforated with two bullets, one of which was found in a package of letters. I fear we shall hear bad news shortly from these Indians."

Artists Fund Exhibition.

This exhibition, for the current year, is now open at the hall of the Association, in Chesnut above Tenth street. There are fewer pictures than there were last year, which we think an improvement, as many of the paintings, when the walls are crowded, have to be hung at a height which materially injures their effect. Indeed, any one would rather see a few good pictures, and see them well, than behold the walls studded with indifferent works of art.

The exhibition presents several good paintings. We have not space this week, however, to go into a detailed criticism of them; perhaps, in our next, we may find room for the result of our observations. The general effect of the pictures we may say, however, reflects great credit on the artists of our city, although there is more than one composition which we are astonished that the committee should have admitted. There are several of Leutze's richer works on the wall; some excellent, and some not in design; but all of them remarkable for their brilliant coloring. We noticed a couple of portraits of females, obviously copied from the *chef d'oeuvre,* by Peale, of last year's exhibition. This does not speak very highly of the originality of the painters, though it may also be attributable to the whim of the sitter.

We advise all, however, to visit the exhibition for themselves. They cannot fail to be highly pleased. The spirit which our artists evince in getting up these annual exhibitions, deserves encouragement.

Mitchell the Forger.

This individual it appears fled to Montreal. A letter from that place dated April 21, published in the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, says that he passes under the name of Goodwin. The letter alleges that he devotes his time at the gaming table and at houses of ill fame. The money expended by him is mostly in notes of the Girard Bank. He was arrested a few days ago, but succeeded in getting clear. The letter-writer alleges that he has "spent the whole day in trying to have him arrested, but without success. Our authorities say, the United States refuse to give up persons who have committed the most heinous crimes in this country, (alluding to Holmes, the murderer,) and why should we trouble ourselves about this man? He is spending his money very freely, which will do us some good. The money that he obtained by his forgeries might be recovered from him by proving the debt. He might be arrested on a civil process, if authority were given some one here to proceed against him."

From Texas.

We have advices from Texas to the 9th ult. There is but little news. The Houstonian of that date says, "a gentleman arrived in town day before yesterday from San Antonio, on his way to New Orleans, bringing about $20,000 in specie for the purchase of goods for the Mexican market. This speaks well for the trade of the West. The rumor of an invasion of Texas, on the part of the Mexicans, although it created some excitement in other parts of the country, did not, it appears, gain much credence in San Antonio. We hear nothing said of late Indian depredations in that quarter."

Mr. Biddle's Fourth Letter.

Mr. Biddle's debts to the Bank—His explanation of Them—Charge of Favoritism—Testimony on that Point—Resolution of Committee of Congress on same Point—Loans of 1837—Mr. Biddle's opinion on the effect of the Committee's Report.

A fourth letter of Mr. Biddle, addressed to the Hon. John M. Clayton, has appeared. It is devoted to an explanation of his personal debts to the Bank, and to a refutation of the charge of favoritism, brought against him. We shall, as on the three former occasions, give the substance of Mr. Biddle's statement. The opening paragraph—alluding to the third letter—read thus:

"MY DEAR SIR:—I yesterday explained to you how three individuals, whose whole interest in the Bank does not amount to one hundred and fifty dollars, succeeded in forcing themselves into a position where they controlled the fate of the whole thirty-five millions of dollars of capital, and how they sacrificed the interests of the real stockholders of the Bank, to gratify their own animosities and promote their own pecuniary advantage."

The ex-President then proceeds to state that the committee in the report brought only such private accounts before the public as they thought they could make most odious. "Among these I was selected," says he "under the impression, doubtless, that I could be made to appear in the invidious light of a large borrower from the Bank, although my account was entirely like that of any private citizen wholly unconnected with it." Still, however, Mr. Biddle says, he would not have complained if the whole nature of his account had not been misrepresented. He remarks:

"My account as stated by them is as follows:—

NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

Jan. 30, 1840—His note, due Feb. 2, 1842, with interest—being for 700 shares Reading Railroad stock, purchased of the Bank by his agent, Jan. 3, 1839,	$31,500
Jan. 3, 1841—His note, due Jan. 6, 1842, with interest—originally a debt to the Bank, guaranteed by Mr. N. Biddle, and never assumed by him,	100,000
Balance of loans from "Bills Receivable,"	29,500
	$161,000

SECURITIES.

700 shares Philadelphia and Reading Railroad.

4000 shares New Castle and Frenchtown Transportation and *Reading* Railroad Company.

Deed to Mr. N. Biddle for lands in Dauphin county, but not conveyed to the Bank—consideration $30,000."

The first item Mr. Biddle asserts to be a purchase by him of a certain stock belonging to the Bank, which they were anxious to sell. He denies, however, that the transaction took place in January. 1839, assigning it to December of the same year, when he was no longer President of the institution. The stock was purchased on two years credit, from a stock-broker acting as agent of the Bank, and Mr. Biddle says they need not fear but that the note will be paid at maturity.

The second item, according to Mr. Biddle, is the remaining portion of a loan obtained by the Baltimore and Wilmington Rail Road, 400,000 of which sum was guaranteed by himself. The transaction originated in a desire to establish an effective rail-road communication betwixt Philadelphia and Baltimore. All this, Mr. B. contends, has been misrepresented by the committee. He says: "The Road is now finished—Philadelphia and Baltimore are both in the full enjoyment of it, and the whole of the money principal and interest is repaid or secured to the Bank. Of the part guaranteed by me all has been paid except this 100,000 dollars, which is not due till January, 1842."

The third item, Mr. B. says, relates to a matter respecting which "the committee had before them a *letter from the late Cashier,* declaring that *he had no authority whatever to borrow this money* for me"—and that "they knew that at the time this sum was charged to me I was not even aware of the existence of his loan—never authorized it—and never knew of this deed;—and that the matter was then in a course of negotiation with the Bank."

Respecting the assertion of the committee that neither Mr. Biddle nor Mr. Cowperthwaite answered the letters addressed to them, Mr. B. says, that it is in effect a misrepresentation, Mr. C. having called on Mr. Lippincott personally, and, in his presence, drawn up an account of the transaction, respecting which information was sought.

The next charge taken up by Mr. Biddle, is that of favoritism to his relatives, but especially to the house of T. Biddle & Co. On this point, we shall not follow the writer into detail. Suffice it to say that he adduces much evidence, principally from the examinations into the affairs of the Bank, entered into by Congress, while it was a national institution. From these it appears that the Ex-Cashiers Wilson, McIlvaine and Cowperthwaite, as well as Directors Cadwalader, Beck, and others, testified that Mr. Biddle, so far from being guilty of favoritism, objected to giving offices, in several cases, to his relatives; and that the large loans made to T. Biddle & Co. were the results of the transaction, conducted by Mr. Eyre, alluded to in his third letter. The Committee of Congress came to this resolution on the charge of favoritism.

"Resolved, That the charges brought against the President of lending money to Thomas Biddle & Co. without interest, and of discounting notes for that house and for Charles Biddle without the sanction of the Directors are without foundation, and that there does not exist any ground for charging the President with having shown or manifested any disposition to show, any partiality to these individuals in their transactions with the Bank."

Mr. Biddle concludes by stating, that in 1837, after relieving the distresses of New York, it seemed just that the same measures of relief should be given in Philadelphia. Two large establishments here were in great jeopardy. "One," he remarks, "was the house of Messrs. John A. Brown & Co., the other Thomas Biddle & Co. The first I took in hand myself, making the necessary advances to carry them through their troubles, and they were accordingly saved. With the House of Thomas Biddle & Co. I would not interfere; but I requested a Committee to examine their affairs and if they thought it expedient to carry them through, I would consent to it. They did so. All this increase of loan made in 1837, was a work in which I had no part whatever any more than in the original loan made by Mr. Eyre, and the securities offered were, I understand, very substantial then, though in the great decline of all personal property they may now be inadequate. Having said thus much concerning these loans, I finally close that subject."

Mr. Biddle ends with the following paragraph. We give it as his view of the result of the report.

"And now let us see to what an end this Committee is hurrying the Bank. If they had been Stockholders themselves, if they had consulted the interests of the Stockholders, their course was perfectly obvious. The Bank had had quarrels enough—what it wanted was repose—it needed that its credit should be sustained abroad, and that at home it should seek favor and friendship with the community and the government. The Bank might have been gradually restored—its capital diminished so as to enable it to make dividends and all its misfortunes gradually repaired. But what do these committee men? They vilify all those who have heretofore managed the Bank, they denounce Mr. Jaudon, and they describe the institution as one not entitled to confidence. What is the consequence? They have destroyed the ability of Mr. Jaudon to serve the Bank—they have so completely prostrated the credit of the Bank itself that it will be scarcely possible to make arrangements for continuing to pay its interest in Europe—and the Bank has no means of sending it from here, so that at the first default the foreign creditor may be tempted to sell the securities he holds at any price and come upon the Bank for the difference, a claim which would sweep away a large part of its capital. At the same time they have alienated many persons who were able and willing to serve the Bank—they have rendered it odious, and the Legislature of Pennsylvania will either cut the Bank adrift and leave it to its fate—or else if it affords any relief will do it only on condition that it will give up its independence and place itself at the mercy of the Legislature, so that its charter may be at any time repealed without assigning a single reason."

Fifth Letter of Mr. Biddle.

Defence of Jaudon—Commissions, &c.—His large debt to the Bank—How adjusted—Mr. Biddle contends that Mr. Jaudon now owes nothing.

The fifth letter of Mr. Biddle appeared in the National Gazette of the 24th ult. and is devoted to a defence of Mr. Jaudon. "I defend Mr. Jaudon:" he says, "I am his friend, and I deem it my duty to stand up for an absent friend when he is assailed. I have long known him and esteemed him. I know few men who unite so many fine qualities. He has won the confidence of men of all descriptions in Europe—and he has used that reputation for the common benefit of his countrymen. How many of them can bear witness to the zeal and kindness and urbanity with which he has assisted them—how many owe to him the success of their negociations, while all these talents he has devoted and is at this moment devoting to the service of the Bank." He then continues again, a little space farther on, "To see such a man denounced and villified by those professing to represent the institution which he had served and saved—to see such a man stabbed behind his back at the moment when he was laboring to protect the Bank, and when all his talents and character were needed in its service is an act not merely of injustice to him, but of insanity as respects the Bank itself. Doubtless he will hereafter defend himself—but in the meantime he shall not want my aid, incompetent though it be.

"Of his account with the Bank I know nothing and never did know any thing, and it is quite probable that the statement of it made by the Committee may be just as inaccurate as that they have made of mine. But taking it all for granted, and believing every word the Committee have stated about it, what after all does it amount to? Let us examine."

Mr. Biddle then proceeds to notice the remarks of the committee, respecting the payment by the Bank of the loss sustained by Mr. Jaudon in his sale of furniture, of his passage to England, of the payment of his office expenses when there, and of the agreement to give him so much per cent. for the loans he should obtain—all which agreement Mr. Biddle declares to be usual in such cases, and highly favorable to the Bank, as they could have got their business done, in no way, so cheap.

Mr. Biddle then proceeds to notice the debt due by Mr. Jaudon to the Bank, of which he speaks in the following terms:—

"I beg you to understand that my defence of my friend Jaudon is not indiscriminate. I do not profess to be blind to the errors of my friends. I am much more proud of esteeming them in spite of their faults. Now I think he committed a great mistake in suffering himself to borrow so much from the Bank. Officers of banks ought not to be borrowers at all—never large borrowers. But then there was in his case this apology for it. The Bank was bringing home and investing its means in stocks, and as these stock loans go exclusively on the credit of the stock without much regard to the personal responsibility, it was supposed not to be of much importance who were the real borrowers—the stock itself being sufficient to secure the Bank. Accordingly my impression is that when the Committee of Exchange went into these stock investments they were rather inclined than not to let these officers who had been laboring hard get some benefit if there was to be any from the rise of stocks; and so it went on by degrees until the loans became too large, and the stocks declined in value. All this I have since learned at second hand, rather than from any personal knowledge from the Committees, for I was then occupied by the general movement of the concentration in Pennsylvania, and left to the Committee the details. If too he was mistaken in his estimate of stocks, it was an error shared by so many that its very universality might extenuate it. Have not the shrewdest men—the closest men been deceived about stocks—is there any man in the country whose personal estate is worth half—nay, one third what it was three years ago?"

After going into a somewhat detailed examination of the report, so far as it relates to Mr. Jaudon, the ex-President sums up the substance of his argument in these words. He is addressing the committee:

"You say, in page 40, that Mr. Jaudon's account was at one time as high as	$510,000
You say, in page 16, that it is now, Dec. 1840,	117,000
You perceive then that be paid off	393,000
Of this amount the only sum that was paid in stocks was (at page 17)	86,000
Leaving what he actually paid in cash the sum of	$307,000
But (in page 13) you complain that he received for services, the enormous amount of	335,000
Well then his receipts exceeded his repayments only,	28,000

Do you not begin now to perceive that after deducting for his expenses these $28,000, *he has paid to the Bank every dollar he has received from it. Do you not see that he has been working out his debt to the Bank by valuable services—services which he performed at much less cost than any foreign merchant would have charged—and that every dollar the Bank has allowed him has gone to pay up this old debt.* Does not every body see that this gives an entirely new aspect to the whole question—for after all what other debtor of the Bank has paid so much or so well during that time. I doubt whether there is one single man who has paid in any thing like the same proportion of his debt—$393,000 paid and the remaining $117,000 perfectly well secured and in a course of reduction. If he has been an imprudent borrower he has certainly been a prompt and large payer—and he has nobly struggled to repair the consequences of his indiscretion in purchasing stocks which have since depreciated."

Mr. Biddle closes his letter with a few concluding paragraphs relative to the injurious effect in Europe, of the Committee's report. He says, "If this denunciation of him (meaning Mr. Jaudon) has been unjust in itself—it seems little less than madness as regards the Bank. He has long been the confidential agent of the Bank. His character is identified with it, his talents necessary to it, and yet in the midst of its embarrassments, at the very moment when he was most needed, it sends to Europe a public denunciation of him, which whatever mischief it may do to him recoils tenfold on the Bank."

The publication of these letters has divided the public mind respecting the mismanagement of the U. S. Bank, the ex-President having his partizans, and the Bank having hers. Meanwhile the political press has taken up the matter, and though the Whig journals generally maintain silence respecting the controversy, the Van Buren papers are filled with communications opposed to Mr. Biddle, and his letters. Into this debate we shall not enter. Indeed more light must yet be cast upon these transactions, before they can be fully understood by any one. The answer of the Committee—if they make one—may enable the public to judge accurately; and we shall continue as heretofore, as soon as any new facts on either side come out, to present them to our readers.

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Great Western—Four days later from England.

Great excitement respecting the non arrival of the President in England—McLeod case in Parliament and tone of the British Press—Rumored mediation of France—Robbery at Windsor Castle—Varieties—News from France and Spain, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, the East, and China.

The Great Western arrived at New York on Saturday last about one o'clock P. M., having made the passage in sixteen days, an unusually short time for this period of the year.

The steamer, says her log, encountered very severe weather, and fell in with large islands of ice. On the 18th from 9, 15 passed several small pieces—blowed the engines, and at 9, 30 run into a field of ice extending as far as the eye could reach; at 10, 15 succeeded in getting the ship's head to the eastward, and at 11 got clear of the field. On the 19th and 20th was completely surrounded by ice.

Among the passengers are Mr. Bates, managing partner of the late firm of Baring, Brothers & Co. with his lady and a party of friends; also Professor Wayland, Joseph Hanni, Esq. lady and daughter, Miss Jaudon, &c. &c.

The news brought by the Great Western will be read with deep interest.

The overland India mail had not arrived when the evening papers went to press on the 7th, but was due and hourly expected.

Non Arrival of the President.

Up to the closing of the mail from Liverpool to London on the 7th inst., the steamer President had not arrived, and it will be seen by the following extracts from the London Courier that the most painful anxiety prevailed concerning her fate.

"A rumor prevailed here yesterday, and was pretty generally credited, that the President, about which such painful surmises are afloat, had been seen making for the Azores, in order to procure fuel.—The statement turns out to be incorrect, but as yesterday was Sunday, it was impossible to trace it to its origin. Two vessels arrived here yesterday from St. Michael's, one of the Azores—the Lynx, and the Star of the West. They sailed in company on Thursday week, and arrived by the same tide. The crew of both vessels say that from the time of sailing until reaching the channel, they saw no steamer whatever. This is conclusive as to the falsehood of the report. There can be no doubt that the President experienced the same hurricane which the Caledonia steamer encountered on the 13th and 14th ult., which is described by some old captains on board, as being one of the most severe they ever witnessed on the Atlantic.—In the meantime, public anxiety is stretched to its utmost tension respecting her fate, and it also forms the almost exclusive subject of conversation."

The Liverpool Albion says—"Nothing whatever has been heard of the President steamer; if she has run to the southward, and made for the Western Isles, for the purpose of replenishing her coal, she is not yet due, the Liverpool steam-ship, when, in the winter of 1839, was compelled to run to the same islands to replenish her coal, having been 27 days on the passage from New York to Liverpool, via Fayal. The prevalent opinion is, that the President must have run to the Western Isles and that she may be expected to arrive in a few days."

The Globe on the evening of the 7th, contains the following.

A letter from Liverpool says, "that the report in the London papers of yesterday, of a large steamer having been seen steering for Fayal, (or one of the Western Islands,) by a vessel that arrived here on Sunday, is without any foundation.

5¼ P. M.—There is no account whatever of the President (or any other ship supposed to be her,) since she was last seen by the Orpheus, very early on the morning of the 12th ult. I mention this to obviate the many absurd rumors afloat."

LIVERPOOL, Tuesday.—The statement published in the second edition of the morning papers, relative to the "President" steamer having been seen by the Captain of the Lynx, from St. Michael's is wholly untrue, and must have been furnished by some person from Liverpool, whose information upon nautical matters is evidently of a very questionable character. Whether the steamer has put into Fayal, retured to New York, or met with a more melancholy destiny, is, at the moment we write, entirely a matter of visionary speculation.

City, 12 o'clock.—The President steamer has not been heard of, and the greatest alarm prevails regarding her. Yesterday insurances upon her were effected as high as 20 per cent. premium, and more will probably be demanded to-day. Beyond the usual mails from the continent, we have no foreign arrivals, and nothing in the shape of news is stirring.

From the Shipping Gazette of April 7.

Half-past Three.—Twenty-seven per cent. has been paid out of doors on the President, and there is a doubt whether any thing less than 30 per cent. would be accepted in the subscription room at Lloyds. She was first insured at 5 per cent.

McLeod.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—On the evening of April 6th, Viscount Palmerston said that the next motion on the paper was one of the Hon. member for Kilkenny, relating to the differences at present existing between this country and the government of the United States, and to the arrest of McLeod. He put it to his honorable friend whether, at the present moment, he would think it necessary to bring this question under the consideration of the house. For his part, he did not see the expediency of bringing forward this question at the present moment. (Hear.)

He trusted that there existed, on the part both of the government of the United States and that of this country, an anxious desire to bring this matter to an amicable and satisfactory termination. (Hear, hear.) These matters had excited a strong feeling both at this side of the Atlantic and the other, and whilst these matters were the subject of communication between the two governments, any thing like a discussion of their details could only tend to delay, perhaps to defeat the object, not only of his honorable friend, but that of the English government and the government of the United States. (Hear, hear.) He hoped, therefore, his Hon. friend would postpone his motion. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Hume said no person was more anxious to see relations of friendship manifested between this country and the United States. He was opposed to war of any kind, but a war with the United States would be a most unnatural war. (Hear, hear.) After what had been stated by the noble lord, he had no objection to postpone his motion.

The tone of the British press on this subject is much less warlike than at the latest intelligence. The London M. Journal says, "The lowering prospect which has lately been suspended over our Transatlantic commercial relations, may now be fully declared to have disappeared. The case of McLeod will be amicably arranged; the United States government have sent pacific overtures to our cabinet, and our oft-repeated opinion is likely to be thoroughly confirmed, that the threatened contest will for a long time be averted. The fact of the case is—the Americans *cannot* go to war with us in their present peculiar and financial position, and we *ought not* to go to war with the Americans if we wish to avoid the infliction of incalculable injuries upon our domestic manufactures and trade.

BRISTOL, April 7th.—Though the President is thus unaccountably delayed, there is no lack of recent intelligence from the States. During the last week there have been two or three arrivals, the latest by the North America, in the short space of fifteen and a half days. The accounts leave matters much in *statu quo;* they all refer to instructions presumed to have been received by Mr. Fox, and to the despatches forwarded in answer by that minister through the President; unfortunately *the* information needful is still wanting; the President is still at sea.

A Rumored Mediation by France.

PARIS, April 5.—It seems certain that M. Guizot has offered the mediation of France to terminate the differences existing between Great Britain and the United States. We cannot, however, believe that M. Guizot, not content with offering his services as mediator, has threatened the United States, as a journal affirms that he has, with an armed intervention. France invading the United States in favor of England! It is an idea too ridiculous to be entertained, even by the men who abandoned Egypt to the mercy of the powers.—*Le Courier Francais, April 5.*

This report of mediation seems to have been founded only upon a Paris letter in the London Globe. The armed intervention spoken of by the Courier Francais was a bare invention of the French editor. The letter in the Globe intimated no such thing.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

THE ROBBERY AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—*April 6th.*—This morning, Richard Lovegrove, the party suspected of being concerned in the extensive depredations at the Castle, and who was advertised in the Police Gazette of Friday, arrived at Windsor by the 8 o'clock train from Paddington, with the High Constable of Windsor and another person named Needham, to whom, it is stated, (but from the secrecy observed it is impossible at present to obtain the correct particulars,) he gave himself up in the course of yesterday.

Varieties.

Thomas Stevenson, Ex-Mayor of Stafford, has been examined and held to bail on a charge of forgery.

A dreadful fire happened at the Elephant and Castle public house, Whitechapel Road, London, on the 5th—loss 1500*l.* Also, another at a floor cloth manufactory, Clarkenwell—loss 4000*l.*

An extensive fire occurred on the 4th, at Knowlton, near Reading, consuming eight houses.

An absurd rumor, says the Limerick Chronicle, was current here, of an Embargo on passenger vessels to New York. There is no impediment whatever to navigation to the United States or Canada.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has appointed Friday, the 30th of April, as the day on which he intends to bring forward his annual financial statement, known as the "Budget."

Count Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte) has been alarmingly ill, but was considered better at the last accounts.

France.

There is very little news of importance in the Paris papers, which are still occupied to a great extent with the Fortification Bill. The journals the most opposed to the project seem to think that even now some means may be devised to prevent it from being carried into execution.

The mother of Dowmes had been arrested, but, after a short interrogatory, was set at liberty.

THE MOVEMENT AT MARSEILLES.—In consequence of the events at Marseilles, domiciliary visits were made at Carcassonne, and in the environs. Some arms and a pretty considerable quantity of cartridges were seized. The police were informed on the 26th that a rising was prepared for the 27th, in the evening. M. de Villeneuve, Commissary of Police, whose activity is incessant, succeeded in making himself acquainted with the whole plot, which, thanks to him, is defeated.

The copyright bill has been rejected by the Chamber of Deputies. The main principle of the bill was to give the family of an author or artist an exclusive interest in his works for thirty years after his decease. This principle appeared at one moment to be agreed to; but other difficulties arose, and the bill, after a fortnight's discussion, has been lost.

There is a report here that a general political amnesty is to be granted on the occasion of the baptism of the Count de Paris, and that Prince Louis Napoleon is to be included in it.

The preparations for the baptism are on a scale of magnificence which is almost unprecedented during the present reign, and the King has resolved on making great sacrifices from his privy purse.

According to La Presse preparations were being made to forward the works of the fortifications of Paris with the utmost rapidity. 3,000 wheel barrows were ordered, and 30,000 laborers would be engaged, independently of the troops to be employed for the same purpose.

THE WAR IN FRENCH AFRICA.—The Moniteur Algerien of the 23d ult. says:—"After twelve days' absence, the Governor General returned to Algiers on the 18th, from his tour to the East. The Duke d'Aumale arrived at Algiers on the 19th. Lieut. General Bregeaud has issued the following decree, dated Algiers, March 19.—"All the points occupied by the French troops in Africa are declared to be in a state of war." This decree having caused consternation among the population, the Moniteur Algerien has endeavored in a supplement to dispel the uneasiness. It says "that the danger of war is not more serious than usual, and that the decree has only for its object to render the service of the African militia more regular and more military."

Spain.

Our accounts from Madrid are to the 29th ult. The Regency question becomes more and more a topic of excitement, which has not been diminished by a letter written on the part of the Duke of Victory to the Eco del Comercio. It is couched in rather vague terms, but it seems to indicate that the Duke will be sole Regent or not at all.

Belgium.

We have Brussels papers to the 3d inst. They contain several articles on the subject of the ministerial crisis in Belgium, but nothing appears to be settled. The Chamber of Representatives has passed the law relative to the national petitions by a majority of 52 to 6. The Chamber then adjourned to the 20th inst.

Switzerland.

We take from the Constitutionel the following correspondence relating to Switzerland. It is dated Berne, April 1. "The first article of the project of the Committee has been accepted by the strictly necessary majority of 12 votes. This article is couched in the following terms: The decree of the great council of the canton of Argovia of the 18th of January last, which suppresses all the convents in its territory, is declared to be incompatible with the 12th article of the Federal compact. Four articles remain to be discussed, on two of which it is thought there will be no majority.

Italy.

The ex-Regent of Spain, Maria Christina, arrived at Milan on the 24th ult.

A private letter from Naples of the 20th ult., states that the King of Naples had contracted with an English company to construct a railroad from Naples to Caserta.

Greece.

ATHENS, Feb. 28.—The King, by this present steamer, sends to M. Mavrocordato his recall from London, and his appointment to the Presidency of the Council of Ministers (when the King does not preside in person,) and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

M. Tricupi returns to London as Minister of Greece to our Court.

The Candiots have all gone away from Greece to revolutionize their own country! Caraboussa is the rendezvous of the insurgents, and they have already committed some acts of piracy.

Affairs of the East.

TURKEY.—We have advices from Constantinople of the 17th ult. The Ottoman fleet returned to that capital on the 16th, and had resumed its former station along the European bank of the Bosphorus.

In a conference held at Therapia, at Lord Bonsonby's house, the reply of the Porte to the petition of Mehemet Ali had been discussed. The result of this conference is affirmed to be that the Porte is left to the alternative of yielding the modification sought by Mehemet Ali of that part of the hatti scheriff which relates to the hereditary succession to the pashalic, or of relinquishing all claim to the future intervention of the four Powers in favor of Turkey. The Divan, it is therefore supposed, will conform to the wishes of the Ambassadors. This state of things is generally regarded as equivalent to a settlement of the Eastern question. Thus far we report from a well-informed Constantinople correspondent. Upon his statement we need only remark that the united influence of the four Powers upon the decision of the Divan cannot fail of success, that influence being exercised in support only of the reasonable petition of the Pasha.

THE NEW TREATY.—The treaty or convention initialed (paraphe) on the 15th ult., by the representatives of the five great European Powers and the Ambassador of the Porte, contains:

A preamble of considerable length, stating and recognising the rights of the Ottoman Porte as an independent power in her relations with the other European nations.

Articles 1 and 2, which stipulate the closing of the Dardanelles against all foreign ships of war, without distinction.

Article 3, which consists of an invitation to all friendly Powers, not parties to the treaty, to accede to it; and Article 4, which relates merely to the exchange of the ratifications within a given time.

The above are the entire contents of this important convention.

China.

There was a rumor in England, coming by way of Russia, on the 6th, that the China dispute had been adjusted, but it was not credited. Even the Globe, anxious to grasp at any thing favorable, could only present the following:

"The source of the report which we gave yesterday in our City correspondence, respecting the settlement of the dispute between this country and China, was letters received via Petersburg by parties who, on a former occasion, (the arrival of our expedition near the mouth of the Pekin river) had intelligence of it by the same route some weeks earlier than the India mails.

"Without therefore being able to confirm the report from other sources, we hope that its substance the concession of our claims by the Chinese, will prove correct; and that the next arrivals from the East will confirm the satisfactory conclusion anticipated."

Extensive Forgeries.

The forgery at Cincinnati, of which we gave a detailed account last week, has been followed up by attempts to perpetrate a succession of equally daring frauds in our own section of the country. In New York the forgers were successful; but in Philadelphia and Baltimore, where they also tried their schemes, they signally failed.

Some time last week the Cashier of the Bank of America in New York, received a letter from the New Orleans Bank, enclosing the half of a certificate for $22,000 Mexican dollars, which he was to deliver to a Mr. Britton, on presentation of the other half, and recommending Mr. B. to Mr. Thompson's consideration as an English gentleman of fortune, who had deposited the money with the New Orleans Bank. Mr. Britton appeared on Thursday week, and received the half of the certificate, which he took to Jacob Little & Co's. who cashed it for him by a check on the Union Bank which was paid in 1000 dollar notes. At a late hour in the day, another person, evidently an accomplice, came to Mr. Little to buy sovereigns, and purchased 2000 sovereigns, which he paid for in notes of the Union Bank. The next day the steamer for England sailed. There seems to be no doubt that this is but a part of the plan by which the Banks have been swindled. Mr. Little has offered $5000 reward for the recovery of the money. To show the coolness of the villain, when he presented himself at the Union Bank, the check being drawn to his order, payment was refused on the ground that Mr. Britton was a stranger. He immediately retured to Mr. Little and asked him to accompany him for the purpose of satisfying the Bank. Mr. Little not being able to go, the Cashier of the Bank of America went with him, and the money was accordingly paid.

In Philadelphia an attempt of somewhat like character with the one at Cincinnati, was made on the Girard Bank. Mr. Lewis, the cashier of the latter institution, received on the 2d ult. a letter, purporting to be from G. O. Hall, containing one half of a certificate of deposite of that Bank for $21,000, Mexican, in the name of Matthew Draper, of London, (the letter is the same, word for word, excepting the names, as the one that has been published, addressed to the Cashier of the Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati.)

On the 13th of April, Mr. Draper called at the Girard Bank, and produced to the cashier the other half of the certificate, curiously cut, which matched the other half Mr. Lewis had previously received. After going among the brokers, and trying unsuccessfully to sell it, he returned to the Girard Bank, when Mr. Lewis purchased it from him. No doubt of the genuineness of the letter or certificate existed in the mind of the officers of the Girard Bank, but from subsequent circumstances, and the conduct of Mr. D., an apprehension arose in their minds as to the identity of Mr. Draper, and it was thought best by those officers to require the return of the money, which was obtained on condition that it should be given up as soon as advice of the payment of the certificate at New Orleans was received. The certificate was forwarded to the Commercial Bank on the 13th of April, and no doubt exists in the mind of the Bank here, that it was a certificate from the same plate (an elaborately engraved one) as that used by the Bank, from which it purported to come.

It has been since ascertained that Mr. Draper arrived in this city, and put up at Sanderson's Merchant's Hotel, on the 11th of April. The money was obtained from the Bank on the 13th, and not recovered from him again until a day and a half or two days after, although he was earlier sought for. He remained about the city until Friday or Saturday of that week, since when he has not been heard from here.

The forgery was executed in a manner that would have deceived any one. The fictitious letter bears the most exact resemblance to the genuine ones received from Mr. Hall. The body of the letter is in blue ink, perfectly resembling the hand of the clerk that performs that duty in the Commercial Bank, as does the color and texture of the paper, and the Cashier's signature; and even the seal upon the wafer, in the number and distance of the indentions, perfectly tallies with those of the genuine.

This is one of the most stupendous frauds ever practised in this country. The villain has obtained from the Cincinnati Bank, $13,000; from the Louisville Bank $13,000; and from the New York Bank of America, $23,000; and had, in his possession, $21,000 from the Girard Bank, in all, $70,000; besides others which may not yet have come to light. It is generally believed that the depredator has sailed for Europe, and that he is the same adroit villain whose arrival in the United States, from London was lately announced in the papers.

The person from whom the money was obtained was not the person who obtained it from the Bank. It was, unquestionably, however, the same money, and was obtained through the intervention of the police in the lower part of the city. The person holding it was evidently an accomplice, who made every exertion to escape, and as evidently returned his booty through a compromise.

We have also learned that efforts were made by this same gang to obtain from the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, and from the Bank of Pennsylvania, of this city, through the instrumentality of duplicate certificates, $30,000; from one $17,000, and from the other $13,000, but they were unsuccessful in both instances.

On Friday afternoon week, an individual answering in personal appearance the description given in the papers of the person who committed the recent forgery upon the Cincinnati Bank, and connected with other depredations of a like character. This individual, for two or three days past, had been putting up at the White Bear Hotel, corner of Fifth and Race streets, by the name of L. J. Sykes. On Thursday morning, after the publication of the forgeries appeared, he stated to Mr. Dohnert that he should leave for New York. He left, with his baggage, but instead of going to New York, he proceeded in a circuitous route to the Golden Swan, in Third street, and took lodgings in the name of Trevor. It appears that prior to his boarding at Mr. Dohnert's he had been staying at the hotel corner of Ninth and Market streets, under some other name. He stated to Alderman Brazier, who issued the warrant for his arrest, that he had been in this country for five years, had done no kind of business, but lived upon remittances from England, that he had been in New Orleans eighteen months ago, was in Cincinnati six weeks ago, and in Pittsburg about three weeks since. While at Mr. Dohnert's he remarked several times of the heavy discount he was compelled to pay on western money. He was committed for a further hearing in default of giving bail in the sum of $5,000. He had considerable baggage at his lodgings.

The Cashier of the Girard Bank, since the attempt on that institution, has received a letter from the Cashier of the Commercial Bank, of New Orleans, which throws some light on the plan pursued in relation to the above forgeries. We extract the following for the information of our readers.

"I wrote to you on the 12th inst." says the N. O. Cashier, "advising you that I had no knowledge of what you referred to in relation to Mr. Draper. I find that imposition has also been attempted on the bank of America, New York. Two certificates of Deposit of this Bank issued to a Mr. Robert D. Mackey, for small sums, were presented to us yesterday, and this morning for payment, altered in a very ingenious manner to $13,000 each, one of which had been negotiated to the Commercial Bank, of Cincinnati; and the other to the Bank of Kentucky, Louisville. An extensive and singularly bold system of fraud has been perpetrated, and I trust your bank will not have been the victim of it. Our police is at work, and we have offered a considerable reward for the detection of any of the culpable parties, but I fear no good is to be done here now, but am not without hopes that something may have turned up to excite suspicion in the mindes of Mr. Thompson or yourself, and that the further progress of this infamous scheme will have been arrested."

On Monday morning, high constable Blaney, of our city, with officers E. M. C. Smith, Walker, and Stephens, of the New York city, succeeded in arresting in the latter city, an individual named Brown, a notorious forger, as also a companion of his, named Benjamin Stevens, an old counterfeiter, in whose possession was found about $200 of spurious bills, and both were committed. This Major Brown is a man well known, as an adroit and enterprising felon, and is believed to be one concerned, some two years ago, with Charles Stearns, in forging a letter from the cashier of the Bank of Kentucky, on the Union Bank of this city, for the delivering over to the bearer of the plates of the Kentucky Bank.

In New York they succeeded, and the plates were obtained for the avowed purpose of striking off several hundred thousand dollars of the notes for the Kentucky Bank; but in reality to print off from the genuine plate, a large number of the notes of that bank, and affixing forged signatures to them for circulation in the Western States, where they were in good repute. Stearnes was tried for this forgery, and convicted through the testimony of an accomplice, named Bishop, but escaped through a bill of exceptions, pending the adjudication on which he committed a burglary, that sent him to the State Prison.

Whether Brown be really concerned in the late great forgeries or not, remains to be proved; but he will be tried for forging the letter of the cashier of the Bank of Kentucky on the cashier of the Union Bank of N. York, and probably, also, for being concerned with Stephens in the counterfeit bills found on the person of the latter. Mr. Jacob M. Little, and others, of Wall street, however, have been to the police and visited Brown and Stephens, and cannot identify either as one of those who negotiated the business with them in relation to the forged certificate of deposit. They are, however, held on other charges to answer.

Another Steamboat Disaster.

The boiler of the steamboat Henry Eckford, exploded as she was about to leave the wharf at New York, on Tuesday evening last, destroying the whole of the machinery, killing one man outright, and maiming several others. Numerous fragments of the boiler, machinery, bricks, &c., were thrown with much violence over the pier and adjoining boats and houses. The engineer, his son, a boy, the chambermaid, and two or three of the hands miraculously escaped unhurt. John Swart, of Oswego, and Amos Belcher, of Palermo, N. Y., were on board the Henry Eckford from the Lake boat Henry, making her fast, at the time of the accident. The former had his leg broken, and the latter was killed instantly—some heavy substance striking him in the head. He has left a wife and one child at Palermo. Capt. Tice, of the Eckford, was knocked overboard, and had his leg broken and his face much injured by splinters. Two or three others were slightly injured. The Henry Eckford was an old boat and her boiler much worn.

The explosion was very violent, tearing the engine and boat almost to pieces, and killing or wounding about half the people on board. It was fortunate that the number on board was small—something less than a dozen; for the character of the explosion was such that if a load of passengers had been in the boat, and in their usual place, (the quarter deck,) they would all have been killed.

We annex the particulars of the accident, so far as relates to the persons on board:—Captain Tice, blown sixty feet across the slip, over the lake-boat in tow, into the water, one leg broken, and otherwise severely injured—not scalded—his recovery is doubtful; ——— ———, Engineer, terribly injured—both legs broken—not scalded—can hardly recover; ——— Welsh, of the lake-boat in tow, was killed outright—struck by a piece of the cylinder, and terribly mangled; one fireman killed outright; another fireman nearly killed, limbs broken; one passenger, in a state room on deck, limbs broken; one deck hand had his head badly cut and bruised by flying fragments of the boiler; a son of Captain Tice had his wrist dislocated; the captain of an Eastern schooner alongside was knocked over by the water from the boiler, and one side of his face slightly scalded; the captain's wife, in the cabin, was immersed in water from the feeding cylinder, but not scalded.

New Publications.

GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE *for May,* 1841.—The May number of this popular Monthly Periodical, is issued beautifully embellished with a fine Mezzotinto Engraving of a Mother and Child on steel, entitled "THE MOTHER'S PRIDE." A Plate of FASHIONS, *beautifully colored, of seven figures,* Ladies of Victoria's Court, from the London World of Fashion; and two pages of choice Music.

The Literary Contents are from the first Magazine writers of the day. The following are the

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

The Mother's Pride—By Mrs. C. H. W. Esling. Illustrated by an original Mezzotinto Engraving; Worth and Wealth, or the Choice of a Wife—By Ellen Ashton; The Dusty White Rose—By Mrs. Volney E. Howard; The Voice of the Spring Time—By Martin Thayer, Jr.; The Reefer of '76—By the author of "Cruising in the Last War."; The Sea Fight; The Haunted Castle—A Legend of the Rhine; Aletho—By J. S. Freligh; My Grandfather's Story—By Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson; The Parsonage Gathering—By Mrs E. C. Stedman; To an old Rock—By [illegible] G. Foster; To the "Blue Eye Lassie"—By the late J. G. Brooks; Leaves from a Lawyer's Portfolio. The Robbery and Murder; I Cling to Thee—By T. G. Spear; A Descent into the Maelstrom—By Edgar A. Poe; Soliloquy of an Octogenarian—By Pliny Earle M. D; May Day—A Rhapsody, by Jeremy Short, Esq.; Life; The Sweet Birds are Singing—a much admired Duet—arranged for the Piano Forte—By J. Moschelles; Sports and Pastimes. Dog Breaking; Review of New Books; &c. &c.

☞ Terms, $3 per annum in advance, or two copies for $5. GEO. R. GRAHAM, S. W. corner of CHESNUT and THIRD Sts.

We subjoin the following opinions of the New York and Philadelphia Press:

"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—A goodly number of this periodical has already appeared for May. It has a beautiful embellishment from Sartain, and a picture of the fashions; as we suppose the whole is fashionable, we say nothing about the dress of the ladies, but their mouths are too small—the fashion must change before strawberry time.

The first article is from Mrs. Esling, late Miss Waterman, and is, of course, good; and there is also a beautifully written poem from the pen of the well known and lamented 'Florio,' the late J. G. Brooks, Esq. while the contents of the number generally are certainly worthy of high commendation."—*Phila. U. S. Gazette.*

"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR MAY.—The principal embellishment of this number is the 'Mother's Pride,' in which the figures of a mother and child are prominent, the engraving being by Sartain, from an original picture by De France. The additional embellishments are, a plate of the Fashions, and a popular piece of Music. Among the contributors of original matter, are several of our most meritorious writers. The critical department is sustained with more than ordinary ability."—*Inquirer, Philadelphia.*

"GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE MAY.—This number the proprietors of which seem determined to take time by the forelock, contains a beautiful mezzotinto engraving on steel, called The Mother's Pride, engraved by Sartain, from an original American picture by De France, an artist of great celebrity in Philadelphia. It also contains a splendid plate of Sartain's, from the 'London World of Fashion,' representing the ladies of Queen Victoria's court, together with nineteen original articles, by the most eminent contributors to the Magazine, and two pages of Music."—*Mercury, N. York.*

"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The number for May has been received, and contains the usual variety of articles from the pen of a corps of talented contributors. Edgar A. Poe, Esq. has furnished a narrative entitled 'A Descent into the Maelstrom,' which appears to be equal in interest with the powerful article from his pen in the last number, 'The Murder in the Rue Morgue.' Graham is determined to make his Magazine worthy of public favor; and we think he succeeds. The embellishments are a mezzotinto on steel, of the 'Mother's Pride,' two pages of Music, and a plate of the Fashions."—*Evening Star, N. York.*

MISCELLANIES OF LITERATURE.—*By the author of Curiosities of Literature—3 Vols. J. & H. G. Langley, New York, 1841.*

In these three volumes the elder D'Israeli has presented the public with one of the most entertaining, and at the same time instructive works which has lately issued from the press. Each volume is distinct in itself. Thus the first contains "Literary Miscellanies and calamities of authors"—the second contains "quarrells of authors,"—and the third contains "the literary character of James the First."

The book is a compilation, and like all compilations, has little that is not already extant in libraries; but yet how many even of men calling themselves scholars, have ever possessed the curiosity, or if that, the industry to collect such a mass of literary facts as is presented here! The work is a complete encyclopedia of literature. The admirer of every author, English or continental, may here find something respecting his favorite, for which he would otherwise have had to search, perhaps for weeks, on the dusty shelves of some public library.

The third volume constitutes one of the most interesting and readable of books. The essay on the literary character embodies an amazing quantity of facts which the author has analyzed and arranged, until from a crude mass has risen up a beautiful theory. Genius is described as it has existed from all time, in every variety of circumstance. The irritability of men of genius; their conduct in society, their conversational power; and indeed all of their leading characteristics are examined at large by the author. Not the least interesting portion of the volume is the character of James the First. The work is got up in excellent style, and is for sale by Carey & Hart.

THE LADY'S BOOK, *for May.*—This elegant periodical, for the current month, is on our table, adorned with a steel engraving, called "Mary the Improvisatrice," and a colored plate of fashions, being a lady, dressed in the latest style, sitting in a garden in bloom, and holding the Lady's Book, for May, in her hand, *all in advance of the mass.*

The contributors to this number are fewer than usual, but in general very good. We would instance a tale of Mrs. Browne, a sketch by Miss Leslie, and a poetical effusion by Mrs. Hall. There is a very pretty piece of Music entitled "We shall meet no more," which together with the usual literary intelligence, editor's notices, &c. closes the book.

MAHAN'S PROTRACTOR AND PROOF SYSTEM OF GARMENT CUTTING.—This work, as its title imparts, treats of the high and noble craft, as the old writers quaintly say of tayloring. Mr. Mahan's name is widely known as a scientific cutter. His work is accompanied by a plate of fashions which would do the heart of a dandy good to look at.

THE MONTHLY LECTURES of the National Society of Literature and Science, is upon our table. This is the first number, too, of the work. It appears to be a highly praiseworthy periodical, whose object is sufficiently stated in the title. *New York, Theodore Foster, 192 Broadway.*

BARNABY RUDGE— No. 4.—*Lea & Blanchard.*—This work becomes deeply interesting as it progresses. Of its general merits, however, we will not here speak, but refer our readers to the article on the last page on the subject, by E. A. Poe, Esq.

A Terrible Accident.

On Saturday night last, as the steamer South America was about 10 miles above Poughkeepsie on her trip to Albany, under full steam, the shaft broke, the connecting machinery gave way, the piston was forced through the cylinder at the top and bottom, scattering the fragments of machinery in every direction. The steam rushed into the cabins, the passengers jumped out of their berths naked, and some were horribly scalded. The steamboat Diamond came up soon after, and took the whole 97 passengers on board. They reached Albany about 10 A. M. yesterday, and the wounded were taken ashore.

The shacklebar, falling, perhaps fifty feet from its place, passed through the deck of the state-rooms, through the second deck, and striking a colored man belonging on the boat, severely wounded him in the head.

The South America is a new and splendid boat, having made but three or four passages. Her machinery is said to be literally a wreck; and the damage from $20,000 to $30,000.

The following are the names of the persons injured: Mr. Conant, Ballston, Spa.; Mr. Glen, Schenectady; Mr. Jones, Rensselaer; Mr. Garwin, Troy; L. Taylor, do.; Solomon Smith, Fort Plain; George Warnick, Amsterdam; James Steer, Hartwick.—Another, a resident of Hyde Parke, and left on board. A colored man, a hand on board.

All but one are expected to live.

U. S. Bank.

On Saturday, the Directors of this Bank appropriated securities sufficient to cover the claims of the other Banks in this city, for the Post Notes held by them. These are to be placed in the hands of five highly responsible gentlemen, connected with some of the principal creditor Banks, who will act as Trustees. The Directors also propose to place in the hands of other Trustees, assets sufficient to cover all the Post Notes, the deposits and bank balances. The Stockholders, as well as the public will be glad to hear of any measures which will aid the Bank in restoring its notes to the same value with other Philadelphia institutions.

Alexander Lardner, Esq. has resigned his office as Cashier of the Institution. This resignation, after much persuasion to remain, was accepted. Thomas Taylor, Esq. has been appointed to fill his place, by the Directors. The Bank has now a new President, Cashier and Board of Directors.

A Bank Swindled.

The Philadelphia Bank has been swindled out of $3000. The fraud was perpetrated some time since, but was only lately discovered. It bears some resemblance to the forgeries on the other Banks, and may have been by a portion of the same gang. But to the particulars.

Some time ago, a letter was received purporting to be from one of the banks in Mobile, enclosing an order to pay over to a person named therein, whatever sum might be credited to it upon the books of the Philadelphia Bank. Not suspecting the genuineness of the order [illegible] $3000 was paid when called for. On [illegible] from the Mobile Bank disclosed the [illegible] here had been imposed upon.

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Travelling Agents.

☞ John H. Thompson, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical, will be kind enough to call on him.

☞ I. E. James is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Stem and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

☞ Thomas Severn, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will oblige us, by settling their accounts with him.

☞ C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorised to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Meeker.

☞ B. G. Easton and I. F. Easton for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin. Kentucky.

☞ S. H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson for New Jersey.

☞ W. A. Pierce, for Pennsylvania agent for Tennessee.

☞ Alanson Billings, for New England States. Subscribers.

☞ I. Tomkins for the ... by the above gentlemen, ... who may be ... accounts at once. ... will please ...

Local Agents.

☞ B. McIlvaine, Esq. of Maysville, Ky. is agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine. We cordially commend him.

☞ Wm. McGary is agent for the Post and Magazine at Fayetteville, N. C. Subscribers at said place will oblige us by paying him their subscriptions.

☞ F. Clark, Esq. of Milton, Northumberland county Pa. is agent for the Post and Graham's Magazine at that place.

☞ D. A. Buckley, of Jacksonville, Ill. is the agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine all representations by others to the contrary notwithstanding. We cordially recommend him.

☞ J. Ivison, Jr. Auburn, New York, is duly authorised to receive monies due for Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine.

☞ Wm. H. Tutt, Esq. of Versailles, Ky. is our agent, vice John Aberdeen, Esq. resigned.

To Correspondents.

"Song by Oscar," is on file for insertion.

"Be Mine," shall appear at an early date.

"H. J. R." cannot appear. His rhymes have nothing of poetry in them.

"The Spanish Maid" next week.

The article on "Religion" is under consideration.

"Wharton" is respectfully declined.

"To ———" has been received. It is under consideration.

Sailing of Frigates.

We alluded last week to the superiority in size and armament, of the new ships in the English navy over the new ships in our own navy, and called public attention to the fact, that in the case of a war, that branch of our service would fight under every disadvantage, except as to the bravery and skill of the crew. We have at hand another comparison, instituted between the sailing of the new ships of the English and American navies. That contrast also is decidedly against us. A correspondent of the Norfolk Herald who institutes this comparison thus alludes to the matter.

"The celerity of the ships and vessels built in the United States from the Revolution to the present time, is proverbial in every nation. In the last war with Great Britain, our vessels of war, public and private cruized in the British Channel, burning, sinking and destroying an immense amount of property, and illuminating the Channel every night—those vessels got supplies from Ireland; and, if I mistake not, all but one returned in safety. This was accomplished by brave hearts and swift vessels. It seems that Great Britain has profited by it, and is building a Navy even sharper than the pilot boats and clippers of this country. Our frigates United States, Guerriere, Potomac, &c. were accounted fast sailers; but the question arises how will the matter stand now? That we may not be deceived when it is too late, let us compare ships:—The table below will show the relative proportion between the United States frigate Potomac and the British ship Vernon—both ships of the same class, number of guns, and weight of metal; and we will then be able to form some judgment, what would be the result, should they ever meet, as to their sailing qualities:—

	Potomac.	Vernon.
Length on deck, in feet	175	176
Breadth extreme	46 16	52 66
Rising of greatest transverse section, in degrees	14¼	28½
Mean draft of water, in feet	20 50	21 25
Total weight of equipment and ship	2300 tons	2564 tons
Area of greatest transverse section, in feet	629	667
Area of sails, in square feet	20,588	26,771
No. of square feet of sails to every square foot of the greatest transverse section	32 15	40.09
No. of square feet of sails to every ton weight of the ship	8 95	10 44
Height of centre of Effort above Load Line	73.39	78.47
Do. in proportion to breadth of beam	1.59	1.49

Thus it will be seen that the Vernon has the advantage of the Potomac in the motive power, that she is ... at her greatest transverse section—a greater breadth of beam, with but a few square feet more in her greatest transverse section. With all these advantages, I think there can be no doubt but that the Vernon would outsail the Potomac with ease. There appears but little difference in the relative heights of the centre of effort in the two ships, in proportion to their breadth of beam; and if the stowage of the vessel was properly done, there could be no great difference in the stability.

It is proper that public attention should be called to this point, for whether at peace or engaged in war, the ships in our navy ought to be inferior to none.

The Diplomatic body & the President.

On Saturday last President Tyler was waited on by the diplomatic body, when, in the absence of Mr. Fox, who was detained by indisposition, Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Minister, appeared at their head, and delivered the following address:

"Mr. President: The United States having been suddenly deprived of its supreme head, the Constitution has invested you with the Chief Magistracy of the Union.

"The Diplomatic Corps has the honor to appear before you, Mr. President, for the purpose of expressing through me, its organ, its concern in the melancholy event which has so unexpectedly removed General Harrison from the hopes of the American People. The Diplomatic Corps hasten also to offer up its vows, Mr. President, that your Administration may be distinguished by the maintenance of all the existing friendly relations, and by a constant increase in the prosperity of the United States.

"The Diplomatic Corps embraces this opportunity, Mr. President, to assure you of its earnest desires to merit your confidence and esteem."

As soon as Mr. Bodisco had ceased, the President, in a graceful and appropriate manner, made the subjoined reply.

"Mr. Minister: In my character of Chief Magistrate of the United States, and in the name of the People thereof, I have to return to the Diplomatic Corps, whom on this occasion you represent, my acknowledgements for their expression of condolence on account of the bereavement which this country has so recently sustained in the death of its late lamented and illustrious President. ... occasion, at the same time, to give the assurance ... my most earnest desire, as his constitutional successor, will be to maintain and cherish the friendly relations which ... so happily subsist between our respective countries.

"The People of the United States regard their own prosperity as intimately connected with that of the entire family of nations, and the cultivation of the feelings of mutual amity as the best mode of advancing that important end.

"I sincerely desire that the residence of the Diplomatic Corps near this Government may prove every way agreeable to them, to accomplish which nothing shall be wanting on my own part."

The members of the *corps diplomatique* were then severally presented to the President, who spoke to each of them, in a few words, respecting the relations between their own countries and the United States, and his hope of the continuance of amicable relations. He received from all, in return, congratulations and assurances of the desire for a continued peace.

Dreadful Infatuation.

A terrible tragedy of blood occurred last Wednesday, in Sumner, Oxford county, Me., where Mr. Moses Butterfield, hitherto a highly respectable citizen of that town, murdered his wife and two youngest children, while two others of the family only saved themselves by flight. Mr. ... had fits of insanity, and this last fatal ... it is said, of religious phrensy, and ... for murdering his family was to save ... at the approaching end of the ... committed to jail.

Mysterious Occurrence.

A late number of the Jackson, Miss. True Issue, contains the following strange account.

"On Tuesday last our attention was attracted by an unusual throng in front of the Capitol; upon inquiring into its cause, we were informed that a man named Clark, had procured a "habeas corpus," in order to obtain his liberation from prison, in which he had been confined under a charge of murder.

The facts of the case, as developed in testimony, as well as some portions which we learned afterward, compose as strange a tale of romance, as is often presented in real life. The individual said to be murdered, was an old man, aged about sixty, named Genet, and said to be a son of the French minister of that name, who had some notoriety in the early history of our country. The parties all reside in Rankin county, in this state, and the individuals charged with the murder, are the prisoner, Clark, a negro man named Bowman, who belonged to Genet, and the deceased. The State's most important witness, is the daughter of the wife charged with the murder of the deceased. We do not feel at liberty to give any of the testimony, lest it tend to prejudice one side or other of the cause, but will merely state, that as against Clark, it was entirely circumstantial, yet of such a character as to induce the judge to require him to give bail, in a penalty of five thousand dollars. A portion of the facts having no immediate connexion with the guilt or innocence of the prisoners, but which led to their apprehension were as follows:—

About fifteen months since, the deceased disappeared quite suddenly, so much so, indeed, as to arouse suspicion of foul play, although his absence was accounted for by the statement that he had gone to South Carolina, where he once resided. Time rolled on, the deceased was forgotten, his property was divided among his heirs, and among other things, a negro woman, who had belonged to him, was carried ... of the deceased ... and sold in Texas. A few months since, a ... woman, who told him that ... had ... and saw the ... South Carolina, but was murdered—and to ... man, who had been her husband, arrested, and ... would tell all about it. The ... came home, and the result has been the arrest of the prisoners, together with a discovery of the bones of the old man, which his daughter identified.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

There was little business of importance transacted during the closing days of last week.

Harrisburg, April 26.

Senate.—The Revenue bill finally passed to-day, and was returned to the House for concurrence in amendments. A large number of amendments were made by the Senate to the bill. An amendment passed to provide for discontinuance of the public works as soon as the appropriations are spent.

Mr. Reed offered an amendment to the bill, to authorize the Directors and Stockholders of the U. S. Bank to make an assignment of their assets and wind up their affairs, and to appoint Trustees for that purpose. This motion was agreed to by a vote of 15 to 14.

House.—Mr. Flenniken introduced a bill to authorise the Monogahela Navigation Company to negotiate a loan; which was taken up and passed final reading.

Harrisburg, April 27, 1841.

The revenue bill, which has occupied the last two weeks of the session, is now in the hands of a committee of conference, consisting of Messrs. Reed, Kingsbury, Strohm, Pearson and Gibbons, of the Senate, and Messrs. W. T. Johnston, Law, Wright, Cox and Barr of the House. This joint committee will report, and on the adoption or rejection of their report rests the bill.

Mr. Strohm, from the committee on internal improvements, made a report in relation to the transaction between the canal commissioners and the Berks County Bank, in purchasing locomotives, which was directed to be printed.

Mr. Johnston's Canal Commissioners' bill was taken up, when Mr. Pearson offered a substitute, which was ordered to be printed, and the matter laid over. The bill is nearly the same as Mr. Johnston's in effect, but different in detail.

House.—But little was done besides the consideration of the amendments made by the Senate to the Revenue bill. Among the amendments concurred in, was the one allowing the U. S. Bank to wind up its affairs.

The bill for the regulation of the public printing passed final reading.

Several private bills passed Committee of the Whole.

The Paixhan Bomb.

This terrible engine of destruction, although it has been used in the English and French navies for some time, has but lately been introduced into our own. Its powerful efficacy was displayed at St. Juan de Ulloa, Beyrout, and at St. Jean d'Acre. The new ships in the British navy include, as a permanent portion of their armament, a number of bomb cannon adapted to this new and destructive missile.

The *Paixhan bomb*, instead of describing a curved line like the common shell, is thrown horizontally, and with as much certainty as solid shot from a thirty-two pounder. The destructive effects of these bombs are described with a fearful minuteness of detail which leaves the impression on the mind that nothing is told which has not been done and witnessed. When thrown horizontally they will crush, strike to pieces and tear open the side of a vessel, with a terrible shock. "If they remain in the side" says the account, "their explosion, acting like a mine, will open large breaches, the irregular fractures of which, extending below the water line, will make a passage through which the water will rush in, as though a dyke were suddenly broken. If a bomb should enter a mast, it will overturn it, together with its yards, top and rigging. Should the bombs pass entirely through the ship's side, then they will produce their effect between decks, in the midst of the combatants, the artillery and munitions; and they will scatter around showers of iron, and insupportable volumes of smoke and flame; they will completely destroy a fabric of wood, much more easily than that of stone; they will rip up the deck, set every thing on fire, and cause dreadful ravages every where."

Some of these bombs are of one hundred and fifty and two hundred pounds weight. In addition to their explosive terrors they are charged also with a certain composition, which, upon bursting, gives forth such a noisome and even poisonous smell as to render a ship uninhabitable.

Burglary and Murder.

A burglary and murder of the most atrocious character were perpetrated at St. Louis on the 17th ult. A letter from there gives the following account of the catastrophe: "On the 16th of April there was deposited in the warehouse of Collier & Pettus, near $60,000 in specie—one young man and a middle aged one slept in the store. In the middle of the night the store was entered by burglars, who murdered two clerks, Weaver and Jesse Baker, and set fire to the house, after having, as it is supposed, plundered the vaults, in which, it is said, there were at the time about two hundred thousand dollars. The building was consumed, also the roof of an adjoining house. The goods in the latter were much injured by water from the engines. When the fire was discovered, the first who entered, found the elder clerk murdered near the front door, cut up in the most horrid manner with knife and pistol; owing to which, it is presumed he made violent resistance. The other was murdered in his bed asleep. His remains were not found. Collier & Pettus have not saved scarcely any thing, their papers and all their books, it is feared, are consumed, and the second and part of a third warehouse are entirely destroyed.

"No clue has yet been discovered as to the murderers. In addition to the above two men, another was killed by the falling of a wall. One of the inmates was seen near the door of the store at eleven o'clock, and it is presumed the villains rushed into the store past him. They did not succeed in getting any money it is thought; as soon as they can get to the fireproof it will be ascertained for certain. The excitement here is very great. The populace would hang any one they could ascertain was engaged in this horrid affair."

American Steamers.

The United States Government has not yet accepted the proposition made to it some time since from New York, for the purchase, in case of a war, of four steam ships, contemplated to be built in that port. Their construction, however, will be proceeded with forthwith. Each will be of the capacity of two thousand five hundred tons. Persons who understand the plan have no doubt that in speed and every good quality, these ships will be found quite superior to any of the vessels hitherto employed in this service. The cost will be about three millions of dollars. The projectors of the plan proposed to the late and present Administration to confer on the Government the right to take these ships in case of war, at a fair valuation, if only the Administration would procure such a modification of the present post office law, as to allow the owners to collect an inward postage on letters. The law now requires all letters brought by vessels to be deposited in the post office at two cents each. This most important proposition, upon a plan which would furnish a Navy without cost in peace, and of the greatest possible efficiency in time of war, neither the past nor present Administration has found time to determine.

New Counterfeits.

Bank of Albany, Albany, N. Y.—5's letter D. pay to B. Smith, dated Aug. 19, 1837. W. J. Bullock, Cash. N. W. King, Pres't.

Lafayette Bank, N. Y.—10's altered from 1's and 2's. The 1's have for a vignette, vessel under sail—the 2's, surrender of Cornwallis; and on the left end of both, full length figure of Lafayette. The words 'one dollar' and 'two dollars,' on top and bottom of the bills cut off.

Thompson Bank, Thompson, Ct.—5's letter B. pay to Jona. Nichols, dated March 1, 1839. J. B. Gay, Cash. John Achois, Pres't.

Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Frederick, Md.—100's altered from Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Wisconsin, letter A. H. M. Beall, Cashier, H. Doyle, Pres't. Vignette, a female, the left arm encircling an eagle, on left end, Washington; and on right end, Lafayette.—Engraved by Burton & Gurley.—*Bick. Reporter.*

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for
1958 shares	United States Bank	17a19¼
215 do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR	35 3-8a38 1-2
265 do.	Vicksburg Bank	5 1-2a5 3-4
100 do.	Del. & Hudson Canal	95
68 do.	Girard Bank	29 1-4
29 do.	Northern Bank Ky	80
25 do.	Reading RR	17
20 do.	Southwark Bank	51
14 do.	Philadelphia Bank	75
8 do.	Franklin Fire Insurance Co	99 3-4a100
4 do.	North America Bank	308a310
2 do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank	38 1-2

Mr. Sparks Returned.

Mr. Jared Sparks, who went to Europe to procure original materials relating to a history of America, has returned in the Columbia. From the public archives, as well as from the British Museum, and the Royal Library in Paris, he has procured copies of some curious and highly interesting manuscripts relative to the first settlements of this country. On a former occasion Mr. S. was engaged abroad more than a year in the same pursuits. The results have been seen in the works which he has since published.

City News.

Where was the Watchman.—A woman was found in a state of exhaustion, and almost insensible, on Monday morning, on the sidewalk in Fourth street, above Plumb, Southwark. She was carried into a house in the neighborhood, and properly taken care of. It is said that the poor creature had laid where she was discovered since Sunday night, between ten and eleven o'clock. We would simply ask, where was the watchman of the beat?

Alfred H. Davis.—A farther examination of Alfred H. Davis, charged with being an accessary after the fact of the murder of Julia Ann Jordan, took place before the Recorder on Monday afternoon. Two witnesses were examined, when the case was further postponed until next Tuesday. Attorney General Brooke, appeared on the part of the Commonwealth, and R. M. Lee, Esq., on behalf of the defendant.

Counterfeiter Arrested.—On Monday about 12 o'clock, a man calling himself ... Field, was arrested by officer Osborne, for passing counterfeit notes of the Salem Banking Company, New Jersey, and brought before Alderman Zantzinger. Being unable to find bail in the sum of $500, he was sent to Moyamensing, there to await his trial at the next Court of General Sessions.

Sudden Death.—A man named Craige, living in Plumb street, near Fourth, fell down in his dwelling on Monday ... and instantly expired. It appears he has been for some time an invalid, brought on by intemperate habits, but feeling better than usual, he took a ... and upon his return home fell dead.

Passing Counterfeits.—A man named John Smith, was on Monday last arrested and taken before Alderman Rees, of Spring Garden, on the charge of having passed off in that district two notes of the Lafayette Bank of New York, altered from two's to ten's. Smith was bound over to answer at Court.

Angling Extraordinary.—Mr. Matthias Somers, of Decatur street, on Monday afternoon, while fishing in the Schuylkill, succeeded in capturing a huge rock fish, which was found to weigh no less than *fifty three* pounds, and said to be the largest ever caught in that river.

A New School.—The Directors of the Public Schools in the Northern Liberties, are having one of the rooms in the Commissioners' Hall in Third street, fitted up for a School—to be called Primary School, No. 8—which is calculated to accommodate two hundred children.

Oyer and Terminer.—The trial of Thos. L. Shuster for the murder of his wife, by shooting her with a pistol bullett on the 24th of September last, came on before Judges Conrad and Doran, on Wednesday the 28th ult.

Drowned.—A little boy, four years of age, was drowned on Wednesday at Manayunk. We did not learn his name, but understood he was the son of a gentleman keeping a lumber and coal yard at that place.

On Duty.—Isaac Otis, Esq., the lately appointed Marshal of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, entered upon the duties of his office on Monday morning, having given the satisfactory security required by law.

Dealers in Foreign Merchandise.—The annual statement respecting these dealers, is now published. Their licenses, it will be recollected, must be taken out before the 1st of June.

Reduction of Taxes.—The Guardians of the Poor have reduced the taxes from 33 to 30 cents per hundred dollars, and calculate to make a further reduction next year.

New High Constables.—Messrs. Young and Walker were on Wednesday sworn in as High Constables of the city, under the appointment of the Recorder.

General News.

Liability of Rail-road Companies.—A case of some importance has recently been tried in Charleston, S. C. A man employed to assist the engineer of a locomotive on the rail-road had his leg crushed so badly that it was subsequently amputated. It was caused in part by carelessness in the chief engineer, and partly by accident. The sufferer sued the company for damages caused by their servant, (the engineer in chief) and judgment was given in his favor on the grounds that that the company was liable for the acts of its servants, to its servants as well as to the public. An appeal was taken from the decision, and the case was re-argued before the Court of Error, and the judges reversed the former decision, giving their reasons at large, and thus settling the question there, as we suppose it is considered settled here, viz: that the company is not accountable to its servants for the acts of its servants.

Interesting Fact.—The Rev. Mr. Bacon, in an address on the death of President Harrison, at New Haven, mentioned the fact that General Harrison was a descendant of Major General T. Harrison, one of the members of the British Parliament who signed the death warrant of Charles the 1st. The announcement of this fact caused a very visible sensation—and the minds of most present probably reverted to the circumstance that *within a rod of the pulpit* from which the reverend orator was speaking, were reposing the bodies of Goffe, Dixwell, and Whalley, three other members of the same parliament, and signers of the same Death Warrant against the British King! Charles was beheaded on the 30th of January, 1648.

Virginia Election.—The election for Members of Congress and State Legislature took place in Virginia on Thursday last. John M. Botts, the Richmond Enquirer says, is re-elected to Congress—no opposition.—At Petersburg, Cary, (Dem.) had, at the closing of the poll, one majority over Collin (Whig)—the other precincts not heard from. In Norfolk borough, Mallory, (Whig) had about 300 majority, in the county 37.—Gilmer, (Whig,) opposed to U. S. Bank, the Globe of Saturday evening says, is no doubt elected over Garland (Conservative). In the Legislature there is a gain for the Democrats of one in Caroline, one in Powhatawa, one in Petersburg and two in Frederick, and a loss of one in Fairfax.

More Stones.—We learn by the Montreal Herald of the 15th ult. that an officer of the 7th Hussars, who came passenger in the British Queen, was the bearer of despatches from the British Government, to Mr. Fox, conveying instructions to demand the release of McLeod, and in the event of a refusal to ask for his passport. To substantiate the statements that have been made in regard to the decisive measures of England, it states that Lord Leaton has consented to take command of the troops in Canada in the event of a war.

A Heavy Business.—The Natchez Free Trader of the 13th ult. says:—"We learn that twenty-nine flatboats, laden with the produce of the Western States, were wafted on the bosom of the great Father of Waters, past this place yesterday, from eight o'clock in the morning to two o'clock in the evening, and fifty are supposed to have passed during the last twenty-four hours. Provisions will be cheap and no mistake, this summer.

The Throne of Louis Philippe.—A Paris letter-writer of the New York Commercial, in announcing the success of the Fortification Bill, says:—"The moral force of two thousand cannons and fourteen bastiles round Paris is to ensure the stability of the throne of Louis Philippe. I hope it may prove successful, for the tranquility of Europe depends upon the pacific temper of the present government."

Connecticut Girls.—The editor of the New London Journal says there are more than three hundred unmarried ladies, between the ages of sweet 16 and dignified 30, in that city, all of them accomplished and beautiful! What a chance for a domestic speculation. A single gentleman near us, offers to take half a dozen of them, if sent here, consigned to his custody.

President Mayland.—This gentleman, who is President of Brown University, and whose literary fame and reputation are well known, came passenger in the Great Western. His time, while abroad, has been devoted among the literary and scientific institutions of Europe, and we expect ere long the public will be favored with the graphic touches of his pen.

An Aged Nun.—A Madrid paper mentions that a nun died lately in the Franciscan convent at Albacetta, at the age of one hundred and nine. She was born in 1731, during the reign of Philip V. She entered the convent at the age of fourteen, made her profession at fifteen, and consequently had worn the garb ninety-two years.

Bridge over the Mississippi.—The St. Louis New Era states that the Illinois Legislature have incorporated a company, with a capital of $1,000,000, to build a bridge over the Mississippi, at Alton. It is not in any manner to obstruct the navigation of the river—is to be commenced in two years, and to be completed in ten thereafter.

Buffalo, N. Y.—On the 22d ult. an Irish woman named Betsey Burke, engaged as a domestic in the family of Alderman Steele, received a dangerous wound from the discharge of a rifle in the hands of a person attempting to shoot a rabid dog, which was running at large on Michigan street.

The Harmony of the Great Powers.—A Paris letter states that a restoration of complete harmony between France and the continental powers is now unquestionable. The treaty of the 15th of July for the settlement of Egypt and Syria, has been signed by France.

Grave Robbed.—A man by the name of Jackson died at Chenango, N. Y. two weeks since, and on the succeeding day was interred in the village grave-yard. During the night his remains were removed by persons unknown, for whose detection $50 reward is offered.

Child Burned.—A child about four years old, of Mr. Edward Maxwell, of Boston, during the absence of its parents on Tuesday week, and while in charge of a servant girl, was so badly burned by its clothes taking fire, that it died shortly after.

Naval.—The brig Washington and schooner Jersey, which have been undergoing repairs at the Navy Yard, in New York, will be ready in a few days to resume the duties of the coast survey, under Lieut. Comd't Gedney.

Cross Cut Canal.—The Cross Cut Canal, from the Pennsylvania Improvements at Beaver to those of Ohio at Akron, opened for navigation on the 11th, and goods from Philadelphia passed Warren, Ohio, on the 12th.

Fasting and Prayer.—Bishop Doane has issued a pastoral letter, appointing the 13th of May as a day of fasting and prayer in his diocese, conforming to the recommendation of the President of the United States.

Swift.—The steamer Queen of the West, Captain Joel H. Green, arrived at Vicksburg on the 8th ult. in two days and twenty-two hours from Louisville! This is the quickest trip on record.

Slavers.—The British brig Wasp, at New York, on Sunday, left at Sierra Leone, about fifty days ago, twelve prizes, slavers, belonging to different nations. Left at Rio Nunez, 1st January, U. S. schooner Grampus and U. S. brig Dolphin—came there to demand satisfaction from Kent Sara for some damage he had done to an American vessel. The dispute was amicably settled.

Captain Ward, a passenger on board the ship Grotius, hence at Boston, from Manilla, and last from St. Helena, reports that seven vessels, slavers, had arrived at St. Helena, with 700 slaves, prizes to H. B. M. cruisers on the west coast of Africa. The last that arrived (March 2d) threw overboard sixty dead slaves in sight of St. Helena.

Criminal Code of Alabama.—The late session of Alabama revised the Criminal Code of that State. But one crime, that of murder, is punishable with death; but even this the Court can at its option punish with sentence of imprisonment in the Penitentiary for life. Death in a duel is held to be murder in the second degree, and made punishable with confinement in the Penitentiary for a period of ten years. To give, accept, or carry a challenge, disqualifies for holding office in the State, and is further punishable with confinement in the Penitentiary for two years. Forty-two kinds of crimes are punishable with confinement in the Penitentiary from periods varying from two to fifty years.

The Welsh Porcupine Youth.—This wonderful production of nature says an English paper, is now exhibiting in the town of Ruthin. His name is Thomas Jones: he is about ten years of age, of healthy appearance, and quick apprehension, three feet three inches high, and all his body, with the exception of the face and the palms of his hands, is entirely covered with thick horny thorns, similar to those of a hedgehog or porcupine. He sheds them gradually, but, apparently without any pain; and the roots, remaining in the flesh, gradually grow to the same length and hardness. He is born of Welsh parents, in the parish of Kilrhedin, Pembroshire.

The Temperance Reform in Boston progresses.—The Baltimore delegates for the last time addressed the citizens on Friday evening, when a young Irishman from the gallery begged leave to say a few words upon resolutions of thanks which had been offered. It was granted, and he confessed himself a friend of temperance, although a practical inebriate. He thanked the gentlemen from Baltimore that they had come to them and told their tales, thereby awakening the sympathy of the drunkard and saving him. He bade them God speed, and promised his hearty support. He came down and went up to the rostrum, enrolling his name upon the pledge.

Appointments by the President.—Official.—Thomas W. Newton, to be Marshal for the District of Arkansas; John G. Miller, to be Postmaster at Columbus, Ohio; Justin Butterfield, to be Attorney for the District of Illinois.

Martin Durable, Naval Officer at New Orleans, vice Henry D. Peire.

Levi Sterling, Receiver of Public Money for the district of lands subject to sale at Muskoday, in the Territory of Wisconsin, vice Paschall Bequette.

A Robin at Sea.—Capt. Archer of the ship Naples says, that when he was at least three hundred miles E. S. E. of Nantucket, a common robin flew on board, and succeeded several times in making a lodgment, but was as often blown off, and at last was blown clear away in a violent squall, and was never seen afterward. The robin flew strongly, and displayed as much skill and judgment in beating and tacking, to take advantage of the strong wind, in bearing down upon the vessel, as the most skilful mariner could do.

The War Question.—The Liverpool Albion of a late date says:—"We hope soon to learn, that, in the east, no ships will be required but those of our merchants; and we anticipate nothing less than a speedy and satisfactory termination of our vexatious differences with the United States. Still, it is but prudent to keep an eye upon our defences, in order that we may have as accurate a measure as possible of the extent of our own means, as compared with those which might, at the worst, be brought against us."

New York Institution for the Blind.—Fourteen of the pupils of this noble institution, on Thursday evening last, attended a meeting in the Assembly Chamber, at Albany. The Representatives of the Legislature and a large number of citizens being present. The exercises commenced with an overture from the brass band, composed of the male pupils. The Secretary of State, who by law has charge of the institution, then stated, at the request of the managers, the objects and manner of instructing the pupils.

Improvements.—There have been several new and magnificent steamboats placed on the Hudson river this season. Some of them have four enormous smoke pipes each peering up from their decks, which give them a most formidable appearance when seen at a distance under weigh. Competition between them is carried to a great extent again this year. The fare between New York and Albany, a distance of 150 miles, has been reduced to $1,00, at which price the boats are now running daily.

The President Steamer.—A printed story was circulated, in New York on Sunday evening, purporting to be an extract from the log book of the Thomas Cope, of this city, from *Bremen*, giving an account of the loss of the President. The author of so vile a catchpenny hoax deserves a severe punishment. There is no such a vessel in this port as the one designated. We have the Thomas P. Cope, but that vessel, is a Liverpool packet. The President is, no doubt, safe.

A Mail Robbery.—The Albany Argus of Saturday says:—"Yesterday the way-mail from New York, which left that city on board the North America, was cut open and robbed of its contents. The first intimation of the robbery, was brought by express from Stuyvesant, where several of the letters were found in the river. What letters have been taken, or whether money or drafts, is not yet known."

More Burning on the Frontier.—On Saturday night, the 10th ult. "The Gothic Cottage Inn," opposite Clinton House Hotel, at the Falls of Niagara, was burned by an incendiary. The whole was the property of Capt. Creighton. This gentleman's barns, stables and outhouses, on the same property, were also burned by an incendiary in September, 1839.—*Toronto Pat. April 16.*

Precocious Depravity.—Dennis Kennedy was convicted in Baltimore, on Thursday week, of manslaughter, in killing a lad named George Hyland, in December last. The prisoner is not yet fifteen years old. It appears that he shot the deceased while skating, with a musket, and, upon seeing him fall, went up and asked if he was dead; then turned and deliberately went home.

Shipwreck.—The ship Susan Drew, of Boston, Captain Babbage, from Liverpool, for Boston, went ashore on Milk Island, near Cape Ann, on Friday night week. The foremast is gone, and she is in a very dangerous situation. She is a large and valuable ship nearly new, and cost $70,000. She has a cargo on board worth $150,000.

Wesleyan Methodists.—A late English paper says that the Wesleyan Methodists have no less than 160 missionary stations, they employ 220 missionaries, and in the schools under the supervision of those missionaries there are 40,000 children. The contributions to the missionary funds within the last year were nearly £90,000.

Wapautuck's Trial.—The Indian, Wapautuck, was tried at St. Louis, on the 13th ult. for the murder of Potter, a Kickapoo. The verdict was manslaughter, and the sentence eighteen months imprisonment. The parties belonged to a portion of the Kickapoo tribe, which has been converted to Christianity, and in some degree civilized.

The Gamblers at Vicksburg are so numerous that they talk of vengeance against that city, for the lynching of their comrades some years ago. Trouble is expected with them, as they are already so bold and audacious as to defy the civil laws and outrage moral principles.

A Factory Destroyed.—On Friday night last, the store of Charles Sacriste, Esq., on the Brandywine, near Brake's Cotton Works, was destroyed by fire, together with nearly all its contents. The property was partially insured, though the loss must be heavy.

The French Government has conferred rewards on the crews of the exploring ships Astrolobea and Zelee, for having discovered land in high southern latitudes, viz: "Terre Louis Phillippe," in the 64th degree of south latitude, and the "Terre Adelie."

Trenton Solemnities.—The solemnities at Trenton N. J., on Thursday last, are said to have been of the most impressive character. The procession was large, and the exercises at the church of the highest order.

Taxes.—We learn from the Boston Journal, that 135 individuals in that city are assessed over $500 of taxes annually—41 paying upwards of $1000 each—22, $1,500—10, $2000—6, $2500—2, $5000—and 1, $7000.

A Home Squadron.—The New York Sun says, the present head of the Navy Department intends to put in active service a large home squadron, suitable to the great extent of coast to be protected.

Washington Gossip—that the British minister, (Mr. Fox) aged sixty, is about to marry the sister of the wife of the Russian minister, (Miss Williams) a little girl of sixteen.

Singular Coincidence.—Of the six deceased Presidents, four have died on the 4th of the month; Adams, Jefferson, and Monroe, on the 4th of July, and Harrison on the 4th of April.

Supposed Murder.—Parts of the body of a female have been discovered in the woods near Salem, N. J. giving rise to the suspicion that the person had been murdered.

Arrivals.—Captain Drinker, of Philadelphia, and the Rev. Cyrus Stone, lady, two children and servant, came passengers in the ship Brenda, at Salem, from Bombay.

Killed.—An Englishman named Thomas Marshall, was accidentally killed a few days since, by the caving in of a bank of earth near the Canal in Luzerne County.

Appointment.—L. A. Edmondson, Esq. has been appointed Vice Consul of Sardinia, for the State of South Carolina, to reside at Charleston, S. C.

Mill Destroyed.—The large mill of Messrs. White, on Jones' Falls, near Baltimore, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night.

Ohio River.—At the latest dates from Cincinnati the river was rising, and business had resumed its usual activity.

More Indian Troubles.

Advices from Wisconsin, under date of April 10, are that large bodies of Sioux, were gathering in the neighborhood of Fort Snelling, with intent as was supposed, of making an attack upon it. One of the tribe, it seems being drunk and disorderly within the limits of the garrison, and resisting an attempt to remove him, was shot down; hence the hostile aspect of the tribe. Two companies from Winnebago and Crawford had been ordered to Fort Snelling.

The Shipping Interest.—Massachusetts owns 526,000 tons of shipping—New York 460,000—Maine 382,000—Maryland 110,000—Pennsylvania 112,000—Louisiana 109,000.

Robbers Arrested.

The extensive robbery of Messrs. Maniott and Hardesty's store in Baltimore, aroused the police of that city to an active search after the perpetrators. They have succeeded in arresting three persons whom they suspect. The names of the accused are Thomas Scott, alias Thomas Walker, George Wilson, alias Alexander Dugan, and Harry Brown. Thomas Scott, alias Walker, was arrested on Thursday last in Pratt street, and George Wilson, alias Dugan, was arrested on Friday morning, in the house of Brown in Franklin street above Cove street. Brown made his escape through the back way. The two, after a hearing before Squire Snyder, were fully committed.

The Clipper says:—"We understand that notes and negotiable paper to the amount of about $50,000, and $1,287 50, identified as part of that stolen, have been recovered. Twelve hundred and fifty dollars of money was found in Walker's house, situated in an obscure place in the eastern part of the city, and $37,50 was found on the persons of Walker and Dugan. The notes and papers were found in the Catholic burying ground at the western extremity of the city."

Delaware and Hudson Canals.

The repairs of these Canals are going on with great activity. The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, are putting such a force on the repair of their works, as to make it certain that the line from Mauch Chunk to Easton will be in full operation by the middle of June next.

The repairs on the Delaware, are let out by contract, wherever they will amount to $1000 worth of work, and the Contractors have commenced operations, and are 'going ahead,' with spirit. They are required by their contracts to have the work so far completed by the 20th of June next, as to have four and a half feet water in the Canal, its whole length below Easton, and it is believed they will accomplish it.

☞ RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.—The Indian Vegetable Pills are a most extraordinary medicine for the cure of Rheumatism and Gout, because they not only cleanse the stomach and bowels of those morbid humors, which, if taken into the circulation and thrown upon the membrane and muscle, are the cause of the above painful maladies; but they excite the absorbent vessels to take up that which is already deposited; therefore, are absolutely certain to make a perfect cure of Rheumatism and Gout. A single 25 cent box of said Indian Vegetable Pills, will often give the most astonishing relief; and perseverance according to directions, will be certain to drive pain of every description from the body.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS also aid and improve digestion, and purify the blood; and therefore give health and vigor to the whole frame, as well as drive pain of every description from the body.

The Indian Vegetable Pills (Indian Purgative) are for sale at the General Depot, 169 Race street, Philadelphia. NEW YORK Office, 288 GREENWICH ST. between Read and Chambers sts. Boston Office, 198 Tremont street. 1t

Philadelphia Market.

Remarks.—The wet weather has retarded operations. A boat laden with 2,000 bushels of Wheat has arrived on the Delaware front of the city from Lewisburg on the North Branch of the Susquehanna, by the Tide Water and Chesapeake and Delaware Canals. She will carry 800 barrels of Flour, and is in every respect a well constructed boat.

There has been a breach in the Tide Water Canal at the four mile level, which will take two or three days to repair.

Coffee—Market quiet and the stocks very light.

Cotton—Market quiet and prices fully sustained.

Corn and Meal.—The Flour market has been quite animated, and upward of 6,000 bbls. have been taken for export at $4,50 per bbl. for Eastern Pennsylvania, and $4,44 to $4,37 1-2 for Western. Flour—The receipts have been to a fair extent, particularly of Western. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have not varied in price.

Grain—Wheat has been in good request, and several parcels of Penna. have been sold at 92 1-2 cts per bushel for inferior, 93 to 95 cts for fair to good qualities, and prime at 97 1-2a98 cts. The principal sales were on the Schuylkill at 93a95 cts. Rye—No sales. Corn—Demand fair, with sales of Penna. yellow at 54; Southern yellow at 52a53; and white 50 cts. Oats—Wanted. Cargo sales of Southern at 31a32 cts.

Molasses—The transactions have been limited at steady prices.

Provisions—There is no change in the prices of Beef and Pork, but the demand for the latter has increased. Bacon—Hog round, sells at 6a6 1-2 cts. Hams 7 1-2a9. Sides 6a6 1-2, and Shoulders 5a5 1-2 cts per lb. Lard 8 cts.

Sugar—The transactions have been limited, but holders are firm at former rates.

Whiskey—Steady at 18 1-2a19 cts in hhds. and 19 1-2 cts in bbls.

Exchange—Boston, 3 1-2a3 3-4; New York, do; Baltimore, 3-4 dis; Richmond, 2 1-4 do; Charleston, par a 1 pr ct prem; Savannah, 4 dis; Mobile, 7 1-2 do; New Orleans, checks 3, bank notes 4; Nashville, 10 dis; Cincinnati, 7 do; Louisville, 6 do; Pittsburg, checks 1 1-4, bank notes par; Specie, 3 1-2 prem; U. S. Bank Notes, 14 dis.

Freights—To Liverpool—Bark 40s per ton; Cotton, 1-2 per lb for square bales; Flour 3s per bbl; Wheat 9d per bushel. Coastwise Freights are steady.—*North American.*

ENLARGEMENT
OF THE
Saturday Evening Post.

The Philadelphia Mammoth.

A new volume of this well established and highly popular family newspaper, greatly enlarged and *improved, with entirely new type*, commenced May 1st, 1841. The paper is printed in beautiful type, and has received the praise of many editors of taste, as "*the handsomest family sheet in the Union.*" Our efforts have been directed to the combining of beauty and simplicity with utility and taste. The Post is printed on a stout white paper, rendering it neat and durable for filing. It is issued at the old established rate of *two dollars per annum* cash, *or three dollars if not paid in advance*, and may truly be said, now that it is enlarged, to be the

Largest Paper in the Country

at the price it is sold. It has all the merits, and none of the defects of the large papers of the day, for while the earliest literary matter may be found in its columns, a judicious compilation of domestic and foreign news, with the usual variety of wit and sentiment, will render it a better family paper. The proprietors make no flourish of trumpets about the size and cheapness of the paper, or the firm basis upon which the "Old Post" stands. It is not necessary. It has borne the battle and the breeze for the last Twenty-One Years, and has held its position in the midst of tottering and crumbling rivals, and has faced and buried all kinds of opponents.

The Mode of Conducting it.

The proprietors having for a long time deprecated the floods of foreign literature, indiscriminately re-published in this country, have determined, without altogether neglecting this field, to select nothing but the choicest tales and sketches, from the English periodicals; and they have made arrangements by which they can furnish these to their subscribers in advance of every cotemporary. The editors will also keep an eye to the best American tales afloat, giving, always, the preference to the writers of their own country. We shall still continue the plan of giving original stories from popular American writers. The well known Author of "Cruising in the Last War," opened the volume with the first of *a new series* of thrilling nautical tales. In addition to the old, a number of new Contributors will enrich its columns with choice and entertaining original articles. In order that the SATURDAY EVENING POST may maintain its high position, as the

First Family Newspaper

in the United States, arrangements have been made for a regular supply of choice and entertaining

Original Tales,

historical sketches, poetry, &c. We have been publishing for months past an unbroken series of choice original stories which have been procured at great cost, and have been widely copied and read. These we shall continue.

The News Department.

While it shall be the care of the proprietors to preserve for the paper, a high *literary* reputation; the great desideratum for a family newspaper, a carefully selected news department, shall not be made second in interest or importance. While every thing of note that is passing either in this country or in Europe shall be carefully collected or collated for our readers, a due regard shall be paid to the *character* of the matter. So that the paper may be with safety and propriety introduced and read in the family circle.

The Ladies' Department

will still be preserved, shall be choice and select, and shall receive strict attention. It shall be the effort of the editors to embrace in this department such selections of the floating literature of the day, as may be in an especial manner suited to the instruction and amusement of the female sex, and to combine the fashionable, with the truly useful and good.

Such things as may suit that important and large class of our subscribers,

The Farmers,

will not be overlooked. In order to gratify, as much as possible, the laudable desire of our readers, a portion of our attention will be devoted to the collection and diffusion of such news as may seem IMPORTANT TO AGRICULTURALISTS, and the population resident without the confines of our great cities. *The state of the markets* and the fluctuations in the prices, will be regularly, and what is of more moment, *correctly given*.

We determined at the outset, that while the paper continued under our control, it should be strictly,

Neutral in Politics,

and that as news, and literary journalists, we had nothing to do with the matter; this determination has been strictly and rigidly adhered to, and while we shall continue to give our readers, such public documents, as may be deemed of interest to all, and such a history of the progress of political events, as are strictly in keeping with our duty, and the character of the paper, we shall *studiously*, and thoroughly avoid any contamination of partizan politics.

THE TERMS.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, will be furnished at the exceedingly low price of TWO DOLLARS per annum, invariably in advance. We will send a copy to any person who may wish to see a specimen, by giving notice, *post paid*.

Inducements to Clubs.

As friends and neighbors often wish to club together to facilitate remittances, we will send

3 Copies for $5 in advance, post paid,
7 do. for $10 do. do.

No New Subscribers Received without the Money.

We have no desire to extend our list, but with cash subscribers, and the paper is sufficiently established, to enable us to exact, compliance with this golden rule. The Post is made worth more than the money, and it must be paid by those who wish the paper.

To those who wish to subscribe, we would say, that the safest plan is to enclose the money in a letter and direct to us. Most postmasters will frank their letters if relating to nothing but the business of the office, and all post-masters who will be kind enough to do so, we shall be pleased to acknowledge as agents.

EDITORS who may wish to exchange, will please copy, and forward a number of their paper, marked with ink, to this office, and their favor shall be promptly acknowledged without fraud or delay, as is but too often the case.

Address GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO.

South West corner of Third and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

May 1841	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
1 Saturday,	5 7	6 53	11 9	
2 Sunday,	5 6	6 54	11 48	D. H. M.
3 Monday,	5 5	6 55	12 34	
4 Tuesday,	5 4	6 56	1 15	
5 Wednesday,	5 3	6 57	1 56	Full 5 9 7
6 Thursday,	5 2	6 58	2 36	Last 13 11 24
7 Friday,	5 1	6 59	3 27	New 20 6 47
8 Saturday,	5 0	7 0	4 20	First 27 10 11

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Arrives.		Departs.	
Eastern,	at 3 & 12 P. M.	Eastern,	at 8 A. M. & 4 P. M.
Western,	4 1-2 & 11 1-2 P. M.	Western,	5 A. M. & 10 P. M.
Southern,	5 P. M.	Southern,	5 A. M.

Married,

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Charles J. Carter, at St. Mary's Church, Mr. Hugh McCahill, to Miss Isabella McGinley, both of Philadelphia.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 25th ult. Mr. George Cook, to Miss Catharine Kline.

On the 16th ult. by the Rev. T. H. Stockton, Samuel T. Peace, to Elizabeth J. Brooks, all of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Douglass, Mr. William Thomas Lee, of Washington, D. C. to Miss Mary Ann Whipper, of this city.

In this city, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Thos. B. Bradford, John Evans, of Montgomery county, Pa. to Isabella, daughter of the late John Todd, Esq. of Bucks county.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. J. M'Dowell, D. D. Alexander Knox, Jr. of New York, to Martha E. only daughter of Lewis Brown, Esq. of this city.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. A. D. Gillett, Mr. Jas. Simpson, of this city, to Miss Phebe Eliza Smith, of Moyamensing.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Kennard, Mr. Abel North, to Miss Elizabeth Worrell, both of this city.

On the 22d ult. by Recorder Rush, Mr. Israel Sleeper, to Miss Judith Ashton.

On the 17th of January last, by the Rev. Mr. Kyle, Mr. James Riley, of this city, to Mrs. Mary Ann Harkins, of Moyamensing.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, Wm. H. Kirkland, of Baltimore, to Elizabeth H. daughter of John H. Linn, Esq. of Philadelphia.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the 18th ult. Joseph M'Cleary, to Margaret M'Clelland.

On Thursday evening, 23d ult. by the Rev. Dr. Mayer, Sigmund Pancoast, of this city, to Mary M. daughter of Joseph Trasel, of Blockley.

On the 22d ult. by Alderman Hay, Mr. Thomas Sunderland, to Mrs. Mary Green, both of this city.

On the 10th ult. by the Rev. David Comfort, Mr. John Gulick, aged 81 years, to Mrs. Ann Atchley, aged 71 years, both of South Brunswick township, Middlesex county, N. Jersey.

In Ellsworth, Mass. on the 1st ult. Rev. Jona. Peabody, of Bolton, Mass. to Mary L. youngest daughter of the late Gov. Herbert. Mr. and Mrs. Peabody sailed from Boston for Smyrna, on their way to Erzeroum, Armenia, whither they go as missionaries under the direction of the A. B. C. F. M.

On Monday, April 12, in the Tenth Presbyterian Church, N. Y. by the Rev. Chas. S. Porter, Jared Olmsted, assistant missionary to the A. B. C. F. M. among the Choctaw Indians, to Julia S. Betts, of New York. Mr. and Mrs. Olmsted, expect soon to take their leave for the field of labor where Mr. Olmsted has been engaged for some years past.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Gerry, Mr. Joseph B. Fithian, of Steuben county, New York, to Miss Ellen Colgan, of this city.

At Cohocksink, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. G. Owen, Mr. George Miller, of the Rising Sun, to Matilda Strong, of North Penn Township.

On the 22d ult. at Haven Mills, near Milford, Del. by the Rev. John D. Owens, Mr. James Henry McCauley, to Miss Elizabeth B. Dutton, only daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Dutton.

On Thursday evening, the 15th of April, by the Rev. G. Ide, Abraham English, of the firm of English & Mintzer, to Maria Mollerton, only daughter of the late Jacob Lodinger, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the morning of the 28th ult. by the Rev. Solomon Higgins, Mr. Edward Higgins, to Miss Sarah Reakirt, daughter of Jacob Reakirt, of this city.

Died,

On Tuesday morning, the 27th ult. Mr. Robert M. Gethen.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. Susan Prior, in the 41st year of her age.

On the 26th ult. of chronic bronchitis, Mrs. Ellen Harvey, wife of Jas. Harvey, in the 32d year of her age.

On the 27th ult. after a lingering illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude, Miss Martha L. Brooks, in the 25th year of her age.

On Third-day morning, at the residence of her son, Jas. S. Hurley, in Gloucester county, N. J. Sarah, relict of the late James Hurley, in the 71st year of her age.

In Milford, Kent county, Del. on the 25th ult. Mr. Jos. Watson, in the 53d year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 25th inst. Mrs. Ann Rumbough, in the 30th year of her age.

On Saturday, 24th ult. Dr. William B. Duffield.

On Saturday, 24th ult. Mrs. Rebecca Van Osten, in the 67th year of her age.

On the 22d ult. after a short illness, Thomas Devine, infant son of John and Bridget Devine, aged 4 years 5 months and 6 days.

On the 20th ult. after a painful and lingering illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, Mrs. Sarah M. Tams, wife of Henry Tams, in the 33d year of her age.

On Friday, 23d ult. of pulmonary consumption, Mrs. Jane E. Dare, wife of Nathan S. Dare, and daughter of the late Joseph Pugh, in the 29th year of her age.

On Thursday evening, 22d ult. Mrs. Jane Alford.

On the 21st ult. of cancer rheumatism, Mary Stanton, aged 51 years.

At Chesnut Level, Lancaster county, Pa. on Sunday, 25th ult. after a long illness, Miss Anna Housekeeper, wife of Joseph Ganson.

On the 9th ult. at his residence in Houston, Miss. in the 41st year of his age, Charles Graff, M. D. formerly of the city of Lancaster, Penn.

On the 21st ult. in Westerly, R. I. Mr. Rowse Babcock, in the 68th year of his age.

On Saturday, the 24th ult. Mr. Isaac White, in the 84th year of his age, an officer of the Revolution.

On the 23d ult. Rebecca Elizabeth, infant daughter of John and Mary Jane Handy, aged 13 months.

On the 16th ult. in Reading, John R. Mills, Printer, in the 21st year of his age.

In Freeport, on the 15th ult. of pulmonary consumption, Jacob Weaver, in the 64th year of his age. Mr. Weaver was a native of Lancaster county, Pa. and had been a resident of Freeport, for 36 years; where by his amiable disposition and intelligent mind he has endeared his memory to a large circle of mourning friends.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Muhlenberg Irwin, in the 65th year of her age.

On Saturday evening, 24th ult. Wm. H. Hathaway, formerly of New Bedford, Mass. in the 31st year of his age.

On the 21st ult. Miss Eliza Strickland, aged 50 years.

On the 20th ult. after a lingering illness, Adelia West, infant daughter of Henry and Ann H. Cornish, aged 3 years and 4 months.

On the 19th ult. in the 90th year of his age, John W. Irvin, a native of the Island of St. Croix, but for many years a resident of this city.

On the 18th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of the late Saml. Wakeling, in the 75th year of her age.

At Reading, Pa. on the 12th ult. Mrs. Eliza Highfield, of Philadelphia, in the 41st year of her age.

On the 18th ult. Peter Sammons, a native of Yorkshire, England, aged 37 years.

On Tuesday, 26th ult. Catharine, daughter of Jos. and Elizabeth Spencer, in the 6th year of her age.

On the 19th ult. of disease of the brain, Mrs. Mary Ann Githens, wife of James W. Githens.

On the 22d ult. Claudine Chapline, infant daughter of J. W. and Mary Ann Pomroy, aged 2 years.

On the 17th ult. after a short but severe illness, in the 31st year of his age, Thos. William Francis, of this city.

On Thursday, the 22d ult. Miss Margaret Lex, in the 29th year of her age.

At St. Croix, on the 20th of March, Mary Chandler, daughter of the Rev. William Berrian, in the 20th year of her age.

In Pittsburg, Henry Baldwin, youngest son of the Hon. Harmar Denny.

On Thursday, 22d ult. Miss Margaret Lex, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 21st ult. Mrs. Martha Hunsberger, wife of John Hunsberger.

On the 21st ult. Mary Jane, infant daughter of Jonathan T. and Jane Eggleton.

On the 19th ult. Nathan Buchanan, in the 66th year of his age.

On the 26th ult. Thomas Mann, in the 73d year of his age.

Of Paralysis, on the 25th ult. Catharine Caroline Ball, daughter of the late Capt. B. W. Ball.

On the 25th ult. Mary Alexander, widow of Jno. Alexander, aged 67 years.

In New York, on the 23d ult. Capt. Admund Fanning, in the 72d year of his age.

At Fairfield, Conn. on the 7th ult. Abel Turney, aged 79 years. He fought ... gallant little navy during the revolution, and was so ... led in one battle as to cause lameness for the rest of his life.

At New Hartford, Conn. on the 9th ult. Israel Barnes, aged 82 years, a revolutionary pensioner.

On Sunday, the 25th ult. in the ... year of her age, Mrs. Sarah, relict of the late Capt. Wm. ...

On Monday morning, 26th ult. after a short, but severe illness, Ann Elizabeth Woodruff, only daughter of E. D. and Elizabeth S. Woodruff, aged 23 months and 15 days.

On Sunday morning, 25th ult. Mary Teresa, daughter of Joseph and Teresa Croskey, aged 15 months.

On the 26th ult. of consumption, Wm. Mershon, aged 19 years and 10 months. [The Trenton papers are requested to copy the above.]

On the 25th ult. of inflammation of the lungs, Louisa, youngest daughter of Joseph W. and Mary H. Busby, aged 6 years and 5 months.

OBITUARY

On Sunday, the 25th ult. Mrs. Catharine Manderson, in the 36th year of her age. It is seldom that death selects for his victim one more universally beloved and respected than in this case. She was the kind mother, the exemplary wife, the elevated friend, and the benefactor of the poor and needy. In all the duties pertaining to her sphere of life, she maintained a high and shining place. In sickness she was the friend, and in health the counsellor; in prosperity the wife, and in adversity the helpmate. To her husband she was all that she should be, cheering him in trouble, smiling with him in sorrow, and sharing with him his griefs and cares. To her children she was the mother indeed, training them early in the paths of virtue and rectitude, and by her consistent and useful course of conduct, giving them a practical example that the ways of virtue are the ways of peace. To her wide circle of friends her loss will be deeply felt. She has been taken from them in the noon of her existence, in the spring time of her usefulness.

"A flower not withered,
But prepared to die."

She has left us when we but just knew and loved her, when she was scarce beginning to put forth the buds of promise and the rich harvest of the summer was anticipated, when the flowers of the promises was bursting into life and light—her pulse be still—she has winged her way to the realms of joy and love—in that land when the sighs of sorrow will cease, and the hand of the master will wipe away all tears from the eyes.

Peace, peace to her memory, she sleeps in the tomb,
Cut down like a rose-bud just starting to bloom,
In the spring when the flowers are all fragrant and gay,
She passed as a sunbeam as swiftly away.

Rest, rest to her spirit it has taken its flight,
To the regions of mercy so beauteous and bright,
To her as the faithful the promise is given,
Then peace to thy sorrow she's happy in Heaven.

Philada. 1841. S. H.

Health Office, April 24, 1841.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington.

From the 17th to the 24th of April.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess of Liver,	1	0	Brought over,	40	35
Anaemia,	1	0	—Stomach,	1	0
Apoplexy,	1	0	—Bowels,	0	2
Casualties,	0	1	—Kidneys,	1	0
Croup,	0	3	—Heart,	1	0
Congestion of Brain,	1	0	—Peritoneum,	1	0
Childbed,	1	0	Intemperance and Exposure,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	18	1	Inanition,	0	1
Convulsions,	0	5	Jaundice,	1	0
Dropsy,	2	0	Malignant sore throat,	0	2
—Heart,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	4
—Abdominal,	1	0	Malformation,	0	1
—Head,	0	2	Measles,	0	10
—Breast,	1	0	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Disease of Brain,	2	1	Old Age,	3	0
—Broncho,	1	0	Palsy,	2	0
Debility,	1	1	Pleurisy,	1	0
Effusion on Chest,	1	0	Salivation,	1	0
Erysipelas,	0	1	Small Pox,	3	3
Fever, Remittent,	1	0	Still Born,	0	12
—Puerperal,	1	0	Stricture of Oesophagus,	1	0
—Scarlet,	0	1	Syphilis,	1	0
Inflammation of Breast,	0	2	Tetanus,	0	1
—Brain,	2	3	Teething,	0	1
—Bronchi,	0	7	Unknown,	1	0
—Lungs,	1	6			
Carried over,	40	35	Total,	129—59	73

Of the above there were 6 from the almshouse, and 11 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health.

SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
April 18,	62	66	64
19,	42	52	54
20,	51	54	52
21,	53	55	48
22,	48	50	50
23,	51	55	56
24,	52	56	56

WORMS! Worms! Worms! Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge.—This Vermifuge is perfectly safe and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It effectually destroys WORMS, neutralizes acidity or Sourness of the Stomach, increases the appetite, and acts as a general and permanent Tonic, and is therefore exceedingly beneficial in Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, Indigestion, &c. and is almost a certain cure for FEVER and AGUE, and what is of more importance, it does it permanently.

It not only destroys Worms, and invigorates the whole system, but it dissolves and carries off the superabundant slime or mucus, so prevalent in the stomach and bowels of children, more especially of those in bad health. This mucus forms the bed, or nest, in which worms produce their young; and by removing it—it is impossible for worms to remain in the body.

It is harmless in its effects on the system, and the health of the patient is always improved by its use, even when no Worms are discovered. Numerous certificates of its usefulness have been received, which the proprietor does not consider necessary to publish.

Josiah Thompson, near Salem, N. J. administered this Vermifuge to a child between two and three years old, and says that in a few days she discharged one hundred and thirty-seven large Worms.

Mr. Joseph A. Lentz, of the Penn Township Savings Institution, in this city, gave it to one of his children, and says that after the sixth dose it brought away about fifty Worms at once, five and six inches long.

Mr. Ferdinand Woodruff used two bottles of this Vermifuge for DYSPEPSIA, and in the course of two weeks discharged upward of thirty pieces of TAPE WORM and was thereby perfectly cured.

Another gentleman of this city had it administered to his little daughter about three years old, when she had a number of discharges from her bowels, composed entirely of little white thread Worms. He says "they came away from her, not only by hundreds, but I may truly say, by thousands, separately and in solid mass as balls as hickory nuts, composed entirely of dead worms."

SICK HEADACHE.—Many ladies and gentlemen have found this Vermifuge to be a permanent cure for Sick Headache.

PILES.—Numerous cases of Piles have been perfectly cured by the use of this valuable Vermifuge.

Finally, what the public have long desired, a medicine of this kind, which might be depended upon (prepared by a regular physician,) is now offered to them, and can be had of Dr. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD street, Philada. and of all persons who sell his Expectorant and Carminative Balsam. Price 50 cents. dec 5 3m

DURHAM Cattle, at Public Sale.—Will be sold at public sale, on TUESDAY, the 11th of MAY NEXT, 1841, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, on the Glenfield Farm, about 6½ miles from the city of Philadelphia, and about 1½ miles from the borough of Frankford, the entire stock of C. J. Wolbert, comprising about 50 head of HORNED CATTLE, a few of which are a cross between the Devon and Durham—the residue thorough bred Durham, either imported or derived directly from imported Stock—about 20 of the latter very fine young Bulls and Heifers.

Among the Bulls will be found the splendid and unrivalled imported COLOSTRA, winner of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society's silver medal. Most of the Young Stock have been sired by Colostra, their Dams all imported.

Among the Cows will be found the celebrated Butter Cow, FLORA, formerly the property of the Honorable C. A. Barnitz, of York county, Penn. Flora has yielded 20 pounds of butter in one week; her cream possesses the singular property of being turned into butter in ten seconds by simply placing it in a bowl and stirring with a spoon.

BERKSHIRES. Also, at the same time, several litters (from two to four months old) Berkshire Pigs, as well as their Dams. The pigs are sired by BEN, imported per Monongahela, Captain Miercken from Liverpool; and PRINCE ALBERT, imported by Col. Williams, of Long Island, New York. PRINCE ALBERT won the highest prize, (a Silver Cup) at the National American Institute, and is believed to be the only pure White Berkshire in this country. Catalogues ten days previous to sale.

N. B.—Gentlemen at a distance who may feel inclined to attend this sale, are most positively assured, (the proprietor having sold his Farm,) that the sale will be without limitation or reserve, and that none of the cattle will be sold previous to the day therein announced for public sale.

Terms cash. C. J. WOLBERT & Co. Auctioneers. ap 17-3t

DAVID EVANS' Patent Water and Provision Coolers, Filterers, Fire Proof Iron Chests, Doors, and Hoisting Machines, manufactured and sold at No. 76 south Second street, south-west corner of Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

D. Evans still continues to manufacture his Patent Water and Provision Coolers or Refrigerators, Filterers, &c. of which there are upward of 300 in successful operation. The price of Refrigerators varies from 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 25, 30, 35 to 40 dollars. My Refrigerators are made without the use of wood, which in all cases, when used causes provisions to smell and taste, when ice is used in them for culinary purposes. All persons purchasing Filterers, should see them tried with foul water before buying, as there are some Filterers made at low prices that will purify water for a short time, and then become foul. My Filterers in all cases are warranted to purify the water for the term of two years, and if used properly, may last from eight to ten years.

He also continues to manufacture his Patent Hoisting Machines, both double and single, of which there are now upward of 400 in operation in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Mobile, &c. &c. and as an evidence of their superiority, he refers to those whom he has sold them for the fact that no accident has ever occurred in the use of them.

He likewise manufactures Fire Proof Iron Chests, (without using wood of any kind,) for the safe keeping of books, papers, money, jewellery, silver plate, &c. lined with a composition calculated to resist the greatest degree of heat, with superior Locks, and finished in the best manner.

Always on hand, Fire Proof Doors, Truck Wagons, Vault Grates, Stoves, &c. all manufactured of the best materials and most approved construction.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine the above articles before purchasing elsewhere. ja 23 1y

SUPERB New Flower Seeds, for the Spring of 1841.—Comprising superb German Asters, Ten Weeks Stocks, German and Paris Balsams, Rocket Larkspurs, Lupines, Hollyhocks, &c. with the addition of all the most superb and beautiful varieties in cultivation.

Our flower seeds comprise a more choice and extensive assortment than has ever been offered in Philadelphia, all of which are from the best cultivators in America, Great Britain, Holland and France, and such as are in every way worthy the attention of the lady or gentleman amateur florist. Catalogues gratis on application. Prices from 6¼ to 25 cts per paper. To those who prefer having their seeds already done up, we offer the following, viz:

Assortments of 20 fine kinds of Annual Flower Seeds, all blooming the present season in boxes, with directions for cultivation. Price $1

Assortments of 20 fine kinds of Annual, Biennial and Perennial Flower Seeds, blooming first and second years. $1

Assortments of 12 very choice and rare sorts Annual Flower Seeds, blooming the present season. $1.

Assortments of 40 distinct varieties, fine kinds $2 or of 30 most choice varieties. $2.

Sayer's Flower Garden Companion, 75 cents. Bridgeman's Florist Guide, 62½ cts. or Buists Flower Garden, $1.25, all the best works on the Flower Garden published. Fine Weeding, and Transplanting Trowels, Hoes, Garden Rakes, &c.

With the largest and choicest assortment of Vegetable Seeds to be found in Phila. Summer Flowering, Bulbous Roots, superb Double Dahlias, &c. &c.

H. B. (of the late firm of Hirst and Dreer) & P. M. HIRST, No. 27 South 4th street, east side, above Chesnut street, Phila. my 1 3m

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Berkshire ss. Court of Common Pleas February Term 1841.

No. 581. Robbins Kellogg, vs Findley Williams & als.	The damages are laid at two thousand dollars.
No. 592. Norman Powers, vs Findley Highlands & als.	The damages are laid at one thousand dollars.
No. 579. Chester Leal, vs Findley Highlands & als.	The damages are laid at one thousand dollars.
No. 577. Eli Barns, vs Christopher Tenant & als.	The damages are laid at two thousand dollars.

To Enoch Burrows, of West Troy, one of the late firm of "The West Stockbridge Marble Company."

You are hereby notified that the above entitled actions are pending against you in said Court to be heard and tried at Lenox in said county of Berkshire, on the fourth Monday of June next. The declarations in the several cases are for goods sold, work done—money lent—and money secured by you to the use of the several plaintiffs, and also in the case of said Eli Barns, also on two promissory notes for $669.50 each, both dated May 20th, 1837, and one payable December 1, 1838, one payable December 1st, 1839, and signed "The West Stockbridge Marble Company" per Charles B. Boynton agent. The damages in the several cases are laid as above stated in the several cases, and said Kellogg's writ is dated February 3d, 1841, and the other writs are dated February 8th, 1841, and your seal is attached on all of said writs.

By order of Court, Chas. Sedgwick, Clerk.

Robbins Kellogg, Plaintiff's Attorney. my 1-3t

DOES not common sense teach us that EXPECTORATION is the most natural as well as the most *effectual* agent in arresting and curing PULMONARY DISEASES? Reason says yes, because

OBSTRUCTION

is either immediately or remotely the cause of Inflammation and Catarrhal Fevers, producing Croup, Consumption, and Abscesses of the Lungs, Pain and Soreness of the Throat, Breast, Sides, or Shoulders, Bronchitis, exciting morbid and persistent secretions, thereby clogging up the lungs, so as to impede both respiration and the free circulation of the blood, cause Difficulty of Breathing, and

ASTHMA,

Pleurisy, Hoarseness and Loss of Voice, Dropsy of the Heart and Chest, Rupture of Blood Vessels and Bleeding from Throat and Lungs and

SPITTING OF BLOOD.

To remove this obstruction, from which all those alarming and dangerous diseases originate, and to produce a radical cure, nothing has ever been found equal to JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

It stands unrivalled—it stands pre eminent—try it, and you will be forced to acknowledge that its virtues have not, nor cannot be *overrated*; that it stands far above and beyond the reach of conception; that it is the only reasonable, the only natural, and the only truly successful method of arresting and curing diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.

☞ Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia. Price $1.

N. B. No charge for medical advice. ap 24 3m

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

(From the New Yorker.)

Come, all that's bald, and all that's gray,
Come, listen to my ditty
I wish to tell, without delay,
What brought me to your city.

It is to clothe your naked heads,
With nature's proper covering,
Renew the soil that's almost dead,
Nor under wigs be hovering.

My name and fame are outspread wide,
Beyond the distant ocean;
Both France and England, Spain beside
Have all got in the notion.

A *Bald Head* here, would ne'er be found
Throughout this mighty nation,
If we would only fill the vacuum
With this grand preparation.

Your school was both free and pure,
Although your case be chronic;
A pleasant, safe, and perfect cure
Is DR. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

Prepared and sold at No. 20 SOUTH THIRD street. Price $1 per bottle. ap24 3m

HOLMESBURG Seminary for Young Ladies.—The summer term of this institution will commence on the first of May next.

The Misses Chapman have been engaged in teaching for a number of years, and they flatter themselves, have given very general satisfaction to parents who have had daughters under their care. The situation of the school is healthy and agreeable, and parents desirous of sending their children into the country, are assured there is no village in the neighborhood of this city more easy of access.

The charge per quarter of twelve weeks for boarding, washing, and instruction in the usual branches of a polite English education is $35; the extra charges are for music $15, dancing $10, and drawing and French each $5. More particulars will be made known at the Seminary, and reference given to gentlemen who have had daughters or wards there for a considerable length of time. ap 17-6m*

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—Of all diseases to which children are exposed, none are so fatal to them as WORMS. Unfortunately, children are seldom free from them, and as they imitate the symptoms of almost every other complaint, they often produce alarming effects without being suspected. They are not only a cause of disease themselves, but by their irritation aggravate all other diseases, wandering from one part of the body to another, winding themselves up into large balls and obstructing the bowels, and frequently the throat, causing Convulsions, and too often death. The desired remedy will be found in DR. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, which will very soon destroy the worms and invigorate the powers of digestion so as to prevent a return of them. Prepared and sold at No. 20 South THIRD St. Philadelphia. ap 24 3m

WM. W. FOUCHE, Dentist, No. 19 North Sixth street, below Race street, where all operations appertaining to Dental Surgery will be performed on the most modern and approved principles, and on terms perfectly satisfactory.

Fouche's Vegetable Tooth Powder, and Gum Restorative, for the cure of scurvy and removal of all extraneous substances from the teeth, price 25 cents a box. my 1-1y

WETHERILL & BROTHERS, Chemists and Colourmen, manufacturers of White Lead, Lead Pipes, Window Glass, &c. Importers of Drugs, Dyes, Perfumery, Optical Instruments, Apothecaries Furniture, &c. No. 65 North Front street, two doors below Arch, east side. ap 24 1y

DEAFNESS.—Taylor's Gutta Vegetabilis—An Infallible Remedy for Deafness.—The great success which has attended the application of this valuable remedy in some hundred cases in the Westminster Dispensary (for diseases of the Eye and Ear) for which Letters Patent have been obtained by M. Taylor, M. D. from the English Government, and the strong testimony received from the Royal Academy of Medicine in Paris, as well as from the following Medical gentlemen, Mr. Abernethy—Sir Astly Cooper—Drs. Routon, Curtis, Drake, and L. Magendie, Auriet, &c. and other Aurists and Surgeons, inferior to none in Medical Science, who have used and recommended it.

The fame of the Gutta Vegetabilis throughout France and Germany, caused its speedy introduction into almost every country in Europe, and addresses were presented to Dr. Taylor from all parts, congratulatory of the circumstance. The certainty with which the Gutta Vegetabilis was continually applied, can be attested by many thousands. Since the Revolution of 1830, their Majesties, Louis Philippe, King of the French, and Leopold, King of the Belgians, conferred on Dr. Taylor the title of Honorary Aurist to their Majesties, as a recompense for the many favored to hearing ... cured by the application of his long tried Gutta Vegetabilis. These proofs of royal favor will, he hopes, be sufficient to encourage all who are afflicted with deafness, arising from any cause, to apply his remedy.

The *Gutta Vegetabilis* (or Infallible Remedy) stands so infinitely descriptive, such is its worth, and so highly is it valued by those who have experienced its wonderful effects with so many to recommend and innumerable in the support of the Profession and the Public generally, than any thing the proprietor can say in its favor, and by particular request he has published the following extraordinary cases.

Miss S. A. NORTON, of Mile End Road, was many years afflicted with deafness, after trying every thing she could hear of, and her physician could prescribe, one bottle of Taylor's Gutta Vegetabilis relieved her considerably, and before she used the third bottle, she was perfectly restored to the sense of hearing.

THOMAS HORNBY, 46 Farringdon street, who was a Lieutenant in the 42 Regiment, was struck deaf on the plains of Waterloo, and had remained so ever since. After the use of one bottle of Gutta Vegetabilis, was perfectly cured.

Mrs. GREEN, of Camberwell, who had been fourteen years deprived of the sense of hearing, was cured by using six bottles.

To the aged who are most commonly afflicted with deafness, this preparation will indeed prove a blessing, as it has so frequently cured the worst of cases when no hope of recovery had been anticipated or derived from other means.

To those afflicted with deafness arising from cold the preparation must prove invaluable, and will restore them to hearing in nine cases out of ten.

The Gutta Vegetabilis is prepared in strict accordance with scientific principles, apart from all Empiricism, and it will be found on trial to carry its own recommendation with it, to the happy effects it produces by restoring those to hearing who have been so unfortunate as to be deprived of that sense for many years.

Caution to the Public.—To prevent being imposed upon look well to the Certificates of the Proprietor and Inventor.

This is to certify, that I have appointed Dr. William Young, Philadelphia, my only agent in the U. States, to dispose of that valuable Medicine, called TAYLOR'S GUTTA VEGETABILIS, with full power to appoint agents where he may think proper, and as the great demand may induce persons to fabricate the medicine to the injury of the public, I have thought proper to accompany the bill of directions round each bottle with my name signed in my own hand writing, and the more effectually to detect counterfeits, the public will observe the Seal of my agent on the outside of every bottle, to counterfeit which is felony.

Signed at my office, 40 Charles street, Bloomsbury, London, and sold by Dr. William Young, at his Infirmary for diseases of the Skin, Eye and Ear, 152 Spruce Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Philadelphia.

N. B. Persons at a distance, can have the Medicine sent to any part of the United States, from Dr. Young, Letters (post paid,) enclosing Five Dollars, answered by return, and the Medicine punctually transmitted to any address. Dec 5—1y

JUST PUBLISHED—POCKET AESCULAPIUS: or every one his own Physician. Being practical observations on diseases of the Generative System, with a concise Anatomical Review of its Organs, and a Physiological account of their functions, together with remarks on the more probable cause of local and general debility, with many interesting observations and remarks occurring in a most extensive practice. To which is added,

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c. published by the author, and sold at No. 152 Spruce street between 4th and 5th, Philadelphia, and booksellers generally.

"This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously recommend the serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Dr. Young's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will, ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—*Reporter.*

A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes, or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest aerthral disturbance to the severe state of local debility and irritation, whereby the invalid may consider his case, without the knowledge of his most intimate friend.

MARRIAGE. Also by the same Author. On Marriage, its intent, obligations, and Physical and constitutional disqualifications. Medically considered, with an Exposition of the Structure and purposes of the Reproductive System; the law of hereditary transmission of qualities and the accidents and ... incident to Youth, Maturity and Old Age.

The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly ... cases and diagrams.

TO FEMALES. FEMALES VADE MECUM. ... ... A Non medical Analysis of the Complaints incidental to Females, to which are offered some important admonitions on the peculiar debilities attending their circumstances, sympathies, and formation, illustrated by cases. Intended for the use of females only, and addressed to the youth and maturity of that sex.

Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.—*Hor.*

The silly modesty of the foolish conceals an incurable ulcer.

☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications sent to any part of the United States, Canadas, West Indies, &c. by enclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed,

sep 26 1y Dr. WM. YOUNG, Philadelphia.

PETERS PILLS

THE wonderful cures effected by this medicine are the all-engrossing subjects of the day. Go where you will and you hear of nothing but Mr. Such-a-One has been cured by Dr. Peter's Vegetable Pills, or you know Miss So-and-So was at the point of death, but she has been cured by Dr. Peter's Pills; or, are you not glad that Miss —— has been restored to health by Dr. Peter's wonderful medicine.

Really this medicine must be very good, or it could not cure so many. It is good. For many years it has passed on in the "even silent tenor of its way," curing hundreds of persons who were struggling with death. But now its onward course is impetuous.

It is as impossible to stay the demand for this medicine, as to stop the rushing wind.

A life medicine that will procrastinate death for years; shall it not enter every house? Shall it not be used by every individual? Let no man say I do not want it. You know not what to-morrow may bring forth. All should use this remedy, and remember that Health is the first blessing from God.

PETERS'S VEGETABLE PILLS

Are anti bilious, anti dyspeptic, and anti mercurial, and may be justly considered a Universal Medicine, but they are peculiarly beneficial in the following complaints—Yellow and Bilious Fevers, Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Croup, Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Asthma, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Enlargement of the Spleen, Piles, Colic, Female Obstructions, Heart Burn, Furred Tongue, Nausea, Distension of the Stomach and Bowels, Incipient Diarrhea, Flatulence, Habitual Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, Blotched or Sallow Complexion, and in all cases of Torpor of the Bowels, where a Cathartic of an Aperient is needed. They are exceedingly mild in their operations, producing neither nausea, griping nor debility.

Price 25 and 50 cents per box.

Dr. Peter's Principal office, No. 90 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. jan 2 6m

COUGH LOZENGES

SHERMAN'S COUGH LOZENGES are the safest, most sure and effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, CONSUMPTION, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Tightness of the Lungs or Chest, &c. &c. The proprietor has never known an instance where they did not give perfect satisfaction.

The Rev. James Kant had suffered with a distressing cough, pain in his right side, night sweats, and all the usual symptoms of consumption. He tried many popular remedies, but all in vain. He consulted some of our most distinguished physicians, and they told him he could not be cured. A friend advised him to try Dr. Sherman's Cough Lozenges, as they had cured several that had been given up. He did so, and to the unspeakable joy of all his friends, he immediately began to get better, and before he had taken four boxes, was entirely cured, and he is now again, through divine blessing, permitted to minister to his loving flock.

James Grant, No. 4 Ann street, cured of a most distressing cough in one day by a few doses of Sherman's Cough Lozenges.

Mr. R. D. Kemp, of Newbury, was cured of consumption, by three boxes of Sherman's Cough Lozenges, after suffering three years, and trying several doctors, and every thing he heard of. Through the blessing of God he owes his life to them.

Mrs. Jenkins was given up as incurable, and expected daily to breathe her last. She was cured in a few weeks by these celebrated Lozenges.

The Rev. Dr. Eastwood has used them in his family, as has also several members of his church, and he says no medicine ever was half so efficacious.

Dr. Allen, a distinguished physician of this city, says he has used Sherman's Lozenges in his practice, to a great many cases and they always proved effectual. He has always been able to cure the most distressing case of recent standing in one or two days.

Price 25 and 37½ cents per box. Sherman's wholesale and retail Lozenges. Warehouse No. 90 North 6th street.

WORM LOZENGES

SHERMAN'S WORM LOZENGES, are the greatest discovery ever made, for dispelling the various kinds of worms that so frequently and distressingly annoy, both children and adults. They are an infallible remedy, and so pleasant to the taste that children will take them as readily as a common peppermint Lozenge.

Benj. F. Goodspeed, 139 Sixth Avenue, has always kept his children free of worms, by Sherman's Lozenges. He would not be without them in his house on any account.

The Rev. Jabez Townsend's girl, nine years old, was given up as incurable, by two physicians. She was fast wasting away, and was so miserable, that death was almost looked for as a relief. Three doses of Sherman's Worm Lozenges entirely cured her.

Dr. Stevens, one of the most distinguished physicians in the country, says, Sherman's Worm Lozenges are the safest, most certain article he knows of for destroying worms.

Dr. Hunter, another celebrated physician, uses no other medicine in his practice.

Dr. Castle, 297 Broadway, has used Sherman's Lozenges in his practice, for more than two years,—and never knew them ... Hon. B. B. Beardsley, Col. L. Clark, Joseph Haines, ... Bingham, and the thousands who have used them ... can fully attest to their great and wonderful virtues. More than 200 certificates might be added of their truly wonderful properties.

Price, 25 cents per box.

NERVOUS HEADACHE CURED IN FIVE TO TEN MINUTES, BY SHERMAN'S CAMPHOR LOZENGES. These are a very pleasant, agreeable and efficacious article; an unfailing remedy for lowness of spirits, nervous or sick headache, inflammatory or putrid sore throat, as well as all other complaints where the camphor is recommended.

SHERMAN'S POOR MAN'S PLASTER. 1,000,000 sold yearly, and only 12½ cents each.

CONSUMPTION, that awful and fatal destroyer of human life, whose ravages spread over all the Universe, and hurries millions into an untimely grave. Thousands, yes tens of thousands of valuable lives could have been prolonged, and many yet dwell with us, if a remedy had been discovered in due time equal to Doctor SWAYNE'S SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, prepared from an *Extract of the Wild Cherry*. The curative properties of this famous tree are apparent to most of us, which forms a leading ingredient in the above valuable medicine. No one heretofore has ever been so successful in extracting the extraordinary virtues of this tree. Happy would it be for those who are afflicted with a *Distressing Cough, Bronchitis, Difficult Expectoration, or Raising of Phlegm, Hoarseness, Spitting of Blood*, or other symptoms which may likely lead into CONSUMPTION, if they would take good advice, and procure the above medicine, and use it according to directions, they would soon find the many painful hours and distressing nights turned into tranquil rest and sweet repose. Afflicted persons, you must be careful, and not grasp at the many inexperienced compounds which almost daily spring up like shadows and fall; you must be led to believe, and experience will teach you that you are building a foundation for a serious disease, if duped by such useless mixtures. Therefore, you who are afflicted with Consumption, or symptoms which indicate it, spare no time in procuring the medicine which has been tested by the most experienced physicians, and pronounced superior and inferior to none extant. This medicine is Dr. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, which has been in general use for many years, during which time thousands of persons have been raised from their beds of sickness by its use to the enjoyment of their usual health, friends and relatives. The wonderful effects of this medicine are highly substantiated by numerous recommendations from individuals of the first respectability and society, (who are among those whose lives have been spared and prolonged) which can be seen, if desired, by calling at the OFFICE, No. 10 north EIGHTH street, Philadelphia, where the medicine can always be obtained. Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.

The above MEDICINE, from its powerful tonic and strengthening effect, is an effectual remedy for weakness, and all nervous affections, from whatever cause they may arise.

The above medicine may also be had of Robert ... William ... No. 253 Market street, Baltimore.

All orders must be addressed to Dr. SWAYNE, N. E. corner of ELEVENTH and RACE streets, Philadelphia. feb 27 3m

Chesterfield Boarding School, for Boys ... 14 years of age. Situated on the Crosswicks ... three miles from Bordentown, N. J.

The School will open for the Summer term, on ... of the 5th month, 1841.

In the government of the School, care will be taken to form such habits and inculcate such principles, as ... to advance the welfare of the pupils, both morally and ...

The scholars will be expected to attend (with ...) Friends' Meeting at Crosswicks, about three ... distant.

The number of Boys limited to twenty-eight.

TERMS—Fifty dollars per term of twenty ... able half in advance, the remainder in the ... Books and Stationary included, no extra char...

It is desirable that the outer garments of ... dark color,—and all the clothing marked ...

HENRY ...

REFERENCES—

Joseph Ridgway, No. 70 Chesnut st. ...
George Truman, No. 105 Arch street, ...
George M. Justice, No. 149 Market st. ...
ap 17 3m

THE OLIO.

Today's the spire of life.
That gives it all its flavor.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

Mississippi.

BY AMELIA, OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I wandered out one summer night, When where my groves were five—

The breeze was singing in the light, and I was singing too.
The moonbeams lay upon the hill, the shadows in the vale,
And here and there a looping rill was laughing on the gale

One flowery island upon the air was all that met my eyes—
It floated like an angel there between me and the skies.
I clapped my hands and warbled wild as here and there I flew,
For I was but a careless child, and did as children do.

The waves came dancing o'er the sea in bright and glittering crowds,
Like little children wild with glee they linked their dimpled hands.
They linked their hands—but ere I caught their sprinkled drops of dew,
They kissed my feet, and quick as thought away the ripples flew.

The twilight hours like lands drew by, as lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky, ten thousand in the sea;
For every wave with dimpled cheek, that leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace and held it trembling there.

The young moon, too, with upturned sides her mirrow'd face survey'd
And on a bank of anchor sedge, she rode upon the wave.
The sedge was like the heaven above, so perfect and so whole,
Save that it seemed to thrill with love, as thrills the immortal soul.

The leaves, by spice-odors stirr'd, made murmurs on the air,—
Low murmurs, that my spirit heard, and answer'd with a prayer:
For tears upon the dewy sod, beside the moaning wave,
I knelt me at first to worship God, and sing such strains as these.

The flowers, all folded to their dreams, were bowed in slumber fine,
My lovely hills and murmuring streams, whose'er they calmed to be.
My lofty hills that love to weep, so slow to be forgiven;
They closed their eyes and went to sleep, right in the face of heaven.

Yet fellowed upon his throne was he as'er strayed like these,
And just as free from guilt and art, were lovely human flowers.
But those are not the things for man on this the world of cares.
I found the laughing wind behind, a-playing with my hair—
The happy fingers of the wind, how good and mean they were!

I heard the night-bird warbling o'er its soft enchanting strain—
I never heard such sounds before, and never shall again.

I knew that where those sounds arose so these, and sing them day by day;
What country would upon the bounce can sing a coxcomer lay!
I'd give the world for their sweet art, the simple, the divine;
I'd give the world to melt one heart as they have melted mine.

Poverty.

The writer of proverbs once said, that "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives." A literal truth in large and populous cities, as in London, Paris, and New York. The wealthy classes of these metropolises are scarcely less known to those who have lived from their birth in their city, than many of the lanes and by-ways, the haunts and dwelling-places of the metropolis. Many a scene of misery and neglect is borne, before the very eyes of a fire of affluence, of starving, fit men and women and children, upon whose lank forms and pallid cheeks nature has deeply graven her fearful records of suffering and of sin. Neither music, or ballet, or the splendor of the gloomy tenement, with its leaking roof and broken windows, its scanty and foul store, and biting air; and there, amid the light of luxurious days, without sight of help or change, and without end to their misery, the children of one Common Parent, perish of hunger and cold. Go upon the highway when you will, and you will meet with the extremes of poverty and wealth; the elegantly dressed man of age—vicious health, and sallow disease, the coy haughtiness of the luxurious rich, and the tatter-ed haughtiness of the destitute and suffering poor, the open-mouthed cheek of virtue, and the sinister and hollow-eyed mien of sin and shame.

Longfellow.

Longfellow unites the feelings of the picturesque, the tender, and the animated, the eager present. He has the rare combination of the simplicity, honesty, and manly spirit of the gayer parts of the old ballad, as blended by pathetic power and sentiment represents almost exclusively the serious strain of the ballad, which there are fine traits in the Buccaneer. I could not but dwell on the description in his vein of natural feeling, and variegated anecdotical and historical learning. In his books, some stray leaves, full of the light of the olden time, shines through the sombre tone of the modern passage: it is seen by some evening fire or twilight, over the page, or latterly, a stirring appeal to duty. In Longfellow is linked with the spirit of the age; and while he is one of the few men who shame the shops of books, though no more eloquent talker at accient authors exists when he chooses to speak of them; but he sees the present as the great field of action; and he is not in the misery of modern thought of nation; and he is not in the misery of modern thought of nation, but he fights with, nay—supernatural strength to refresh and aid the exhausted spirit—in the ordinary hall of the future hang the prizes of literature.

Politeness.

No object to this one-sided game—this finding one's friend sharing it with a lady, and then to pay a forfeit when next she encounters him. Or, to practice robbery—no factual ever was so much with so much remonstrance, as the girls about philippens!" If you say a little angels have such funny ways to paying; sometimes they will give you a ball or concert; and sometimes they like ours—very unwillingly. But the most perfect piece of something we ever knew, was the perfect piece perpetrated on us. We met a little dark-eyed sylph, she acknowledged herself caught, and promised us an Annual. Say she sent us an *Almonac for* 1841.

Mr. O'Leary's Wedding.

Told by himself.

"You shall hear, ma'am, the story is a very short one: It is now about eight years ago, I was rambling through the south of France, and had just reached Lyons, where the confounded pavement, that sticks up like spears, with the point upward, had compelled me to rest some days and recruit; for this purpose I installed myself in the pension of Madame Georgeaud, Rue de Petits Carmes, a quiet house—where we dined at twelve, ten in number, upon about two pounds of stewed beef, with garlic and carrots—a light soup, being the water which accompanied the same to render it tender in stewing—some preserved cherries, and an omellette, with a pint bottle of Beaune, fine qualite, I believe —a species of pyroligneous wine made from the vine stalks, but pleasant in summer with your salad; then we played dominos in the evening, or whist for sous points, leading altogether a very quiet and virtuous existence, of as Madame herself expressed it, 'une vie tout-a-fait patriarchale;' of this I cannot myself affirm for the same right in supposing the patriarchs did exactly like us. But to proceed, in the same establishment there lived a widow whose late husband had been a wine merchant at Dijon—he had died, I suppose from residing in that country, been imitating the patriarchs for he died one day. Well, the lady was delayed at Lyons for some law business, and thus it came about, that her husband's testament and the sharp paying stones in the street determined that we should be acquainted. I cannot express to you the delight of my fair countrywoman at finding that a person who spoke English had arrived at the 'pension'—a feeling I myself somewhat participated in; for to say truth, I was not at that time a very great proficient in French. We soon became intimate, in less time probably than it would otherwise have happened, for from the ignorance of all the others of one word of English I was enabled during dinner to my many soft and tender things, which one does not usually venture on in company.

"I recounted my travels, and told various adventures of my wanderings, till at last, from being merely amused, I found that my fair friend began to be interested in my narrative; and frequently when passing the bouillon to her, I have seen a tear in the corner of her eye: in a word, she loved me for the dangers I had passed, as Othello says. Well, laugh away if you like, but it's truth I'm telling you." At this part of Mr. O'Leary's story we all found it impossible to withstand the ludicrous mock heroic of her face and tones, and laughed loud and long. When we at length became silent he resumed—"Before three weeks had passed over, I had proposed and was accepted, just your own way, Mr. Lorrequer, taking the ball at the hop, the very same way you did at Cheltenham, the time the lady jilted you, and ran off with your friend Mr. Waller; I read it all in the news, though I was then in Norway fishing." "There was a needless interruption by a laugh, not, however, at Mr. O'Leary's expense. I gave him a most menacing look, while he continued—"the settlements were soon drawn up, and executed, like all great diplomatic documents, of a series of 'grins and compunctions;' thus, she was not to taste any thing stronger than kirsch wasser, or Nantz brandy; and I limited myself to a pound of short-cut weekly, and no cigar but my own. Then there was another interruption by a laugh, not, however, at Mr. O'Leary's expense. I gave him a most menacing look, while he continued—"the settlements were soon drawn up, and executed, like all great diplomatic documents, of a series of 'grins and compunctions;' thus, she was not to taste any thing stronger than kirsch wasser, or Nantz brandy; and I limited myself to a pound of short-cut weekly, and no cigar but my own. Then there was another

"When I had finished my little stock of the "weed," the clock struck three, and I started to think how little time I was destined to have in bed. In bed! why said I, there is no use thinking of it now, for I shall scarcely have lain down ere I shall be obliged to get up again. So thinking, I set about dressing myself for the road, and as the season was winter, and the weather dreadfully severe, took care to array myself in a suit of flannel under my hardie upon; and by the time I had enveloped myself in a pair of long Hungarian gaiters, and a kurtcha of sheep's wool, with a brown bear-skin cap on my head, with a Welsh wig, and a pair of large dark glass goggles to defend the eyes from the snow, I was not only perfectly impervious to all effects of the weather, but so thoroughly defended from any influence of sight or sound, that a volcano might be blowing and thundering within ten yards of me, without attracting the slightest attention. Now, I thought, instead of remaining here, I'll just step down to the coach, and get snugly into the difference, and having secured the corner of the coupe resign myself to sleep with the certainty of not being left behind, and, probably, too, be some miles on my journey before awaking.

"I accordingly went down stairs, and to my surprise found even at that early hour, that many of the garcons of the house were stirring and bustling about, getting all the luggage up in the huge wooden Levantian that was to convey us on our road. There they stood, like bees around a hive, clustering and buzzing, and all so engaged that with difficulty could I get an answer to my question, of, What diligence it was? 'La diligence pour Paris, Monsieur?'

"'Ah, all right then,' said I, so watching an opportunity to do so unobserved, for I supposed they might have laughed at me, I stepped quietly into the coupe; and mind the cracking of a pistol, and the thumping of feet on the roof, fell as sound asleep as ever I did in my life—those sounds coming to my muffled ears, not as the echoes on the plains, but as if they were in the next room to me, but as I rubbed my eyes and yawned after a most refreshing sleep, I perceived that it was still quite dark all around, and that the diligence was standing before the door of some inn and not moving. Ah, thought I, this is the first stage; how naturally one always wakes at the change of horses—a kind of instinct implanted by Providence, I suppose, to direct us to a little refreshment on the road. With these pious feelings I let down the glass, and called out to the garcon for a glass of brandy and a cigar. While he was bringing them, I had time to look about, and perceived, to my very great delight, that I had the whole coupe to myself. 'Ain't there any passengers coming in here?' said I, as the waiter came forward with my post verre. 'I should think not, sir,' said the fellow with a leer. 'Then I shall have the whole coupe to myself?' said I. 'Monsieur need have no fear of being disturbed; I can safely assure him that he will have no one there for the next twenty-four hours. This was really pleasant intelligence, so I threw down my post verre, and closing up the window as the morning was cold, once more lay back to sleep with a success that has never failed me. It was to a bright blue cloudless sky, and the sharp clear air of a fine day in winter, that I awakened; my eyes, I pulled out my watch, and discovered it was exactly two o'clock; I next lowered the glass and looked about me, and very much to my surprise discovered that the diligence was not moving, but standing very peaceably in a very crowded congregation of other similar and dissimilar conveyances, all of which seemed, I thought, to labor under some physical disability, either wanting a wheel or a pole, &c. &c., and in fact suggesting the idea of an infirmary for old and disabled carriages of either sex, ranks and others. 'Oh, I have it, cried I, 'we are arrived at Mt. Genus, and there are all at dinner, and from my being alone in the coupe, they have forgotten to call me.' I immediately opened the door and stepped out into the inn-yard, crowded with conducteurs, grooms, and others; who, I thought, looked rather surprised at seeing me emerge from the diligence.

"'You did not know I was there,' said I, with a knowing wink at one of them as I passed.

"'Assurement non,' said the fellow with a laugh, that was the signal for all the others to join in it. 'Is the table d'hote over?' said I, regardless of the mirth around me. 'Monsieur is just in time,' said the waiter, who happened to pass with a soup-tureen in his hand. 'Have the goodness to step this way.' I had barely time to remark the close resemblance of the waiter to the fellow who presented me with my brandy and cigar in the morning, when he ushered me into a large room with about forty persons sitting at a long table, evidently waiting with impatience for the 'Potage' to begin their dinner. Whether it was they enjoyed the joke of having neglected to call me, or that they were laughing at my travelling costume, I cannot say, but the moment I came in, I could perceive a general titter run through the company. 'Not too late, after all, gentlemen,' said I, marching gravely up the table.

"'Monsieur is in excellent time,' said the host, rising from his seat beside his chair. Notwithstanding the incumbrance of my unwieldy habiliments, I proceeded to do ample justice to the viands before me, apologising laughingly to the host, by pleading a traveller's appetite.

"'Then you have perhaps come far this morning,' said a gentleman opposite.

"'Yes,' said I, 'I have been on the road since four o'clock.'

"'And how are the roads?' said another. 'Very bad,' said I, 'the first few stages from Lyons, afterward much better.' This was said at a venture, as I began to be ashamed of being always Soliloquised my fellow-travellers. They did not seem, however, to understand me perfectly; and one old fellow putting down his spectacles from his forehead, leaned over and said: 'And where, may I ask, has Monsieur come from this morning?'

"'From Lyons,' said I, in the proud air of a man who has done a stout feat, and is not ashamed of the exploit.

"'From Lyons!' said one. 'From Lyons!' cried another. 'From Lyons!' repeated a third.

"'Yes,' said I; 'what the devil is so strange in it; travelling is so quick now-a-days, one thinks nothing of twenty leagues before dinner.'

"The infernal shout of laughing that followed my explanation is still in my ears; from one end of the table to the other there was one continued ha, ha, ha—from the greasy host to the little bunch-backed waiter, they were all grinning away.

"'And how did Monsieur travel?' said the old gentleman, who seemed to carry on the prosecution against me.

"'By the diligence, the 'Aigle noir,'" said I, giving the name with some pride, that I was not altogether ignorant of the conveyance.

"'Then you should certainly not complain of the roads,' said the host chuckling; 'for the only journey that diligence has made this day has been from the street-door to the inn-yard; for as they found when the luggage was nearly packed that the axle was almost broken through, they wheeled it round to the door, and prepared another for the travellers.'

"'And where am I now,' said I.

"'In Lyons,' said twenty voices, half choked with laughter at my question.

"I was thunderstruck at the news at first; but as I proceeded with my dinner, I joined in the mirth of the party, which certainly was not diminished on my telling them the object of my intended journey.

"'I think, young man,' said the old fellow with the spectacles, 'that you should take the occurrence as a warning of Providence that marriage will not suit you.' I began to lie of the same opinion; but then there was the pointure. To be sure, I was to give up tobacco; and perhaps I should not be so free to ramble about as when ex garcon. So taking all things into consideration, I ordered in another bottle of bergundy, to drink Mrs. Ram's health.

From Grahame's Magazine, for May

The Dusty White Rose.

BY MRS. VOLNEY B. HOWARD.

This is not thy place—oh! thou dusty white rose,
This is not thy place, by the dusty highway,
Thou shouldst lie and adorn the murmuring rivulet flows,
And sing itself off through the meadows away.

Yes—there is thy place, on the distant green lea,
Where the sweet hawthorn blossoms, and wild warblers sing,
There, flaunted by the zephyr, and woo'd by the bee,
Thou mightst rival thy flair native bush of the spring.

Thou remember me much, oh! thou poor blighted flower,
Of a fair human woman, I know thou dost;
She struggled and liv'd through dark Destiny's hour,
But like thine, has her young bloom all wilted away.

Is life a rugged pathway, it is not the bright,
Lovely blossome of beauty that meanest depart,
For more do I grieve how soon sullies the light,
The pure and undefiled.—the bloom of the heart.

Original Review.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

"*Barnaby Rudge.*" By "*Boz.*" *Author of "Nicholas Nickleby," "Oliver Twist," &c. With Illustrations by G. Cattermole and H. K. Brownc. Nos. 1, 2 and 3. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*

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Price Charlie.

The following picture describes the Pretender in his later life, long after the "affair of '45" and when a mere wreck of his former self. The picture is in the eighteenth century. "We went," says a letter writer of the past century, "to the opera, where, for the first time, I beheld the poor unhappy representative of the Stuart race in the Countess d'Alsanie. He goes regularly to the theatre, and always falls asleep in the corner of his box at the end of the first act, being generally intoxicated. His face is red, and his eyes are fiery—otherwise he is not an ill-looking man. The Countess is not handsome, being black and sallow, with a pug nose. She always wears a hat. Alfieri, the Piedmontese, a a constant attendant in her box, with her *danse de compagnie*, Madame Malgan. On coming out of the opera, we passed close to the Pretender, who was carried away, at the end of the performance, being half asleep, and completely intoxicated, which is his invariable custom every night. He has a fine figure, but, I drew my wife's attention to this unbecoming object of all her fanciful admiration."

The Poet's Choice.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Twas in youth, that hour of dreaming;
Round me, visions fair were beaming,
Golden fancies, brightly gleaming.

Such as start to birth,
When the wondering restless mind,
Drunk with beauty, thinks to find
Creatures of a fairy kind,
Realized on Earth!

Then, for me, in every dell
Humanity was seem'd to dwell,
(They who dot, as Poet's tell,

Each with her own true love!)
And sorest sorrowful, low reclining;
Dim light through their grottos shining,
Green woods round their soft lambs twining,
People the deep sea.

Then, when moon and stars were fair,
Nymph-like visions fill'd the air,
With blue wings and golden hair
Bending from the skies.—
And each cave by echo hunted
In its depth of shadow greeted,
Brightly, the Egeria wanted,
To my eager eyes.

But those glorious poet'd years,—
Earth seem'd left to dull decay,
And my heart to sadness fey,
Which I fain would have soothed'd;
Like one wrapt in pitiful sleeping,
Pining, thirsting, waking, weeping,
Witch thro' Life's dark midnight keeping,
Till yon form appear'd!

Then my soul, whose crying measure
Knew not where to find true pleasure,
Woke and seized the golden treasure
Of thy human love;
And, looking on thy radiant brow,
My lips in gladness breathed the vow
Which angels, not more fair than thou,
Have register'd above.

And now I take my quiet rest,
With my head upon thy breast,
I will make no further quest
In Fancy's realms of light
Fay, nor nymph, nor winged spirit,
Shall my store of love inherit;
More thy mortal charm doth merit
Than dream, however bright.

And my soul, like some sweet bird
Whose song at summer eve is heard,
When the breeze, so lightly stirr'd
Leaves the branch unbent.—
Sits and all triumphant sings,
Folding up her brooding wings,
And gazing out on earthly things,
With a calm content.

Ladies Department.

The Mission of Love.

The observation may seem trite, that to every period of life is assigned by the Almighty and Munificent Being, (who at our creation adapted to each part of our material form the functions that it was to execute and the labors it was to sustain), either peculiar powers of endurance or counterbalancing feelings, which render the inevitable cares and sorrows appertained to every epoch of our being lighter and more easy to be borne. This woes of childhood are, in themselves, speedily forgotten. The pains are soon succeeded by pleasure, and care, the gnawing care, the rack of after-life, is then unknown. Childhood, eager, enthusiastic, hopeful boyhood, the age of acquisition and reception, though it may know from time to time a father pang, scarcely less in its degree than those that afflict mature life, has so many compensating enjoyments, its own sunshine as well as its own bright, the light that shines from the future is so dazzling, that the griefs serve but as a preparation and a warning, too little remembered when once they are past. Old age, with its decay, with the extinction of every light but that prospect of the tomb, has also dulled sensibilities that allow us not to feel many of the more painful things of early years. The blunted edge of appetite may not give so keen a zest to pleasure, but the apathy which accompanies it extends to griefs as well as joys, and, if wisely used, is one of the best preparations for a resignation of that state of being which we have found to be the balance of experience and have found wanting: a wanting of that can satisfy a high and ethereal spirit; wanting in all things but its grand purpose of trial for a life to come. But, besides all this, unto that period of old age, there prepared and adumbrated, help is to the duel of blunted weapons in the wordy warfare it forces so much, to protect the weak, to abase the proud, to bring forward unknown and unheeding to outshine the world, and open for it the great gate to fame and glory; to give to others the fame which you do not seek, and popular in spite of yourself be present at all the weaknesses of literary vanity—the humiliation of the flatterer, to see swell before you the tumor haughty, and hear them groan and supplicate with clenched hands the bounty of a eulogy; to know at its past valuation the price of contemporary reputation, and still love only the true glory; to hear the world's praise and its censure, and to turn from both unmoved, and listening to their discussions, or in working upon their feelings by tales of wonder and sorrow. This was the school in which he studied. Here he learned the secret spell that gave him such unheard of mastery over his audience,—the power to pourify them with fear, to make their cheeks burn with indignation, or to be suffused with tears,—the power of sweeping along with him, in one impetuous torrent, jury and court.

The orator must know himself; for his own heart is the epitome of every heart. He would move the crowd,—he must seek to move himself. He inquires, after the character of men, and, for an answer, unrolls the mystic scroll of his own heart, and reads it there. Others are but the reflection of himself, with the shades a little brighter or darker. In his most secret spirit are inclosed the dispositions of the world.

History is the chart of the deliberative orator. It reveals to him the quicksands and rocks where the hopes of empires have been wrecked. It reveals the sources of prosperity, the sources of misfortune. To him who can read it, it offers the suggestions of two hundred generations. It bids us beware of the follies of dead nations. To every individual it offers, somewhere among its records, encouragement to great and good deeds. Would the orator rouse the patriotic self-devotion of his countrymen? History tells him, that among the granite mountains of a small European confederacy, a man was found, who, in a perilous contest, dared to make a path for his countrymen by plotting "a sheaf of Austrian lances" into his own bosom; that, in virtue of this generous self-sacrifice, the name of Arnold of Winkelried has become famous in the world over; and that for this, and other deeds like it, Switzerland is a larger country than Russia. Would he speak of the permanency and life of truth? He reads how the sun went down on Egypt in the East, and into night, while it rose on awakening nations in Italy and England; he reads the oft-told story, how the philosopher recanted with tears, and the world moved still. Would he tell of the direful effects of oppression? He recollects how the pent-up elements lay simmering together for a thousand years, till they burst off the incumbent mass, and overwhelmed nations. Would he show that revolutions are not productive of evil when they are the result of the necessary and slow order of things has at last proved better than the old; that the volcano is a safeguard against the more destructive earthquake; and that over the most fervored lava-torrent, and at length a warm and rich soil. Would he tell of liberty unrestrained by moral sentiment, unprotected by law? He reads of a great nation, recoiling from its own frightful image, and pushing for protection, as far as it is possible, to the bosom of the power it had just sadly hurled to air.

Gentlemen of the Press.

The fraternity of the gentlemen of the press has passed into a proverb, and is admired by strangers who are unacquainted with the secret cause of such opposite opinions, and contrary badges, most each day of their lives, not only without hatred or chagrin, but even with the most unaffected and cheerful joy. Right, the Central Left, the Pamphleteer nest, seize each.

It may be asked if this is a happy life: it is the happiest life in the world. To speak to the public through the press, to prepare and adumbrate, help